

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1909

NO. 4

THE MONTH

PRESIDENT TAFT holds foremost place in the events of the month touching the Negro. As succeeding months pass by and the President has exhibited a steadfast silence as to Negro appointments and Negro political rights—which has been interpreted by a large part of the anxious race as indifference—political discontent has been growing more widespread and deep. The state of mind of the Negro even in the blackest belt of the South is well illustrated by the Negroes of Jackson, Miss., who have refused either to take part in the coming reception of the President or to have a separate reception.

POLITICAL

The President's vigorous denunciation of the Maryland proposed Negro disfranchising amendment in letters to the editors of the *Washington Times* and the *Baltimore News* comes as a most welcome relief. He said:

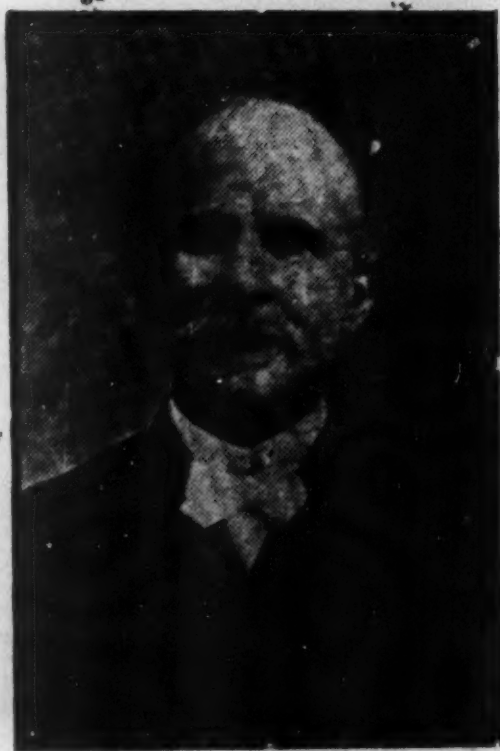
The Maryland amendment is deliberately

drawn to impose educational and other qualifications for the suffrage upon Negroes and to exempt everybody else from such qualifications.

This is gross injustice and is a violation of the spirit of the Fifteenth Amendment.

It ought to be voted down by every one, whether Democrat or Republican, who is in favor of a square deal.

But almost simultaneous with the publication of this timely letter came the announcement that Postmaster General Hitchcock has replaced the Negro postmaster of Sumter, S. C., Joshua E. Wilson, with a Lily White. The more remarkable is the removal of the popular colored official who for twenty years has given efficient service and whom three-fourths of Sumter's business men favored for reappointment. The Negro press throughout the country, encouraged by the President's stand against the disfranchisers, has asked the President on his return to Washington from his present "swing around the circle," to give the Negro some concrete encouragement in the way of appointments. Thus only



JOSHUA E. WILSON

can he refute, they say, the inference that he has been swerved from his avowed policy of Negro recognition by Secretary of War, J. M. Dickinson, from Tennessee, and Postmaster Hitchcock of Massachusetts.

CONGO MISSIONARIES ACQUITTED

Much rejoicing in this country has been occasioned by the acquittal of two American missionaries, Revs. W. H. Shepherd and William Morrison, charged with libel by a Congo concession company. The charges against Rev. Morrison were dropped, but damages of \$6,000 were asked against Rev. Shepherd by the company, one-half of whose shares are owned by the Belgian Government and most of whose directors are Belgian officials. The missionaries charged the officials with tyrannically impressing

whole villages for gathering rubber, for levying oppressive taxes and wholesale, inhuman torture of the natives. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at the time sent to the *London Times* a ringing appeal to America to help England free the Congo. America, he said, was mostly responsible and cannot shirk that responsibility because she recognized, first of all nations, the Belgian's rights in the Congo in 1884.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA

President Roosevelt, giving the first of his famous Scribner articles in the current issue, deals in interesting and characteristic vigor with the questions which have been forced upon his attention. These articles, while necessarily from the point of view of a white man, are as fair and hopeful and candid as everything else their famous author has done.

The ex-President has not been discouraged as to the African's outlook by his intimate and extensive acquaintance with them.

Very encouraging is this note struck by Mr. Roosevelt: "One of the Government farms was being run by an educated colored man from Jamaica; and we were shown much courtesy by a colored man from our country, who was practicing as a doctor. No one could fail to be impressed with the immense advance these men represented as compared with the native Negro; and, indeed, to an American who must necessarily think much of the race problem at home, it is pleasant to be made to realize in vivid fashion the progress the American Negro has made, by comparing him with the Negro who dwells in Africa, un-

touched or but lightly touched, by white influence."

At a banquet tendered them by the English Governor, General Jackson, at Nairobi, Mr. Roosevelt charged the assembled whites not to treat the blacks unjustly.

SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS SPLITTING

The New York Age saying "in the division of Southern Democrats lies the hope of the Negro" follows with this:

The "seceder" convention of Democrats, or the late Senator Carmack's faction, has rebelled against the Governor Patterson and conservative faction. The "seceders" put themselves on record as favoring the elimination of the Negro. They declared that the purpose of the Patterson branch was to retain power through a general admittance of the Negro. The Maryland Democrats have split over the franchise amendment to be voted on this fall, the respectable Democrats and foreign-born lining up with the Republicans. Virginia has seemed hopelessly divided between the Tucker and Mann factions, and there is mutiny in the camp at Richmond. The radical Democratic machine seems to have a death grip on the party in Alabama, and the conservative Democrats are moving heaven and earth to release it. Once they succeed the Negro will get the chance he has in Tennessee. In Georgia "Joe" Brown sits in the Governor's palace and the "radical" Legislature turned down his recommendations on the score of the Negro. Congressman Livingstone has there long urged the franchise for the Negro to save the State from the hands of its radical Democratic and Populistic despoilers like Tom Watson.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN UNION

The English Parliament has passed the draft constitution for South Africa, and the union of the four South African colonies, Cape Colony, Orange Free State, Transvaal and Natal is now an accomplished fact. The amendments preserv-

ing rights of franchise to the natives were voted down in both houses, but Cape Colony still preserves its native franchise and can lose it only on a two-thirds vote of the Parliament of South Africa. But the constitution restricts the right to sit in either house of the Federation Parliament "to persons of European descent," but further provides that four of the eight senators-at-large to be appointed by the royal governor shall be selected with a regard for their knowledge and representation of native opinions.

This in brief is the new English color bar, which has disfranchised the natives in her African colonies. It has kept Parliament in turmoil and division for many days, such members as Dilke and Griffith leading the opposition and Premier Asquith opposed, but less active. In saying that it was better to leave the matter to the deliberate judgment of self-governing South Africa, he expressed his "confident hope and almost expectation that the new union legislature would see its way without unreasonable delay to remove this color bar."

COLLECTOR LOEB'S APPOINTMENTS

During the early days of the month Collector-of-the-Port Loeb appointed Virgil H. Parks, an ex-member of the Tenth Cavalry, as a clerk in the Twelfth Division of the New York Custom House. Since Collector Loeb has been in office about six months he has appointed three colored men to be day inspectors with salaries averaging \$2,500 per annum. Postmaster Morgan of New York at about the same time promoted William C. Greene from clerk in charge of the office of general superintendent of city

delivery to assistant superintendent of New York City Delivery.

EDUCATIONAL

At the beginning of another school year the Negroes of St. Paul won in their fight against a school segregation effort. The effort arose out of the opposition of the white parents of the Mattock School district to having their children attend school with the Negro children of the Attuck's Industrial Home nearby. The School Board then decided to divide on race lines the Mattock school. A colored teacher, Miss Johnson, of Duluth, separate rooms and playgrounds and a high board intervening fence were provided. Thereupon the colored people almost as a unit, led by lawyer F. L. McGhee, arose in determined protest.

Mayor Lawlor was first won over by the delegation, including Rev. A. H. Lealted, of St. Philip's Episcopal mission; Rev. Horace Graves, of St. James colored M. E. Church; Dr. George W. James, Sunday school superintendent of the colored Baptist church; Dr. Valdo Turner, Dr. J. W. Williams, Rev. Joseph Strong, R. C. Minor, J. H. Dillingham, F. B. Parker, grand master of the Brotherhood of Friendship; Joseph Sherwood, grand master of the colored Masonic order; Mrs. Lillian E. Turner, president of the State League of colored women's clubs, and F. L. McGhee.

The school board was next met by the delegation and shown Minnesota's drastic statute of 1877, in which sections 1402 and 1403 bear directly upon segregation.

Tuskegee and Howard leading the list, but all other Negro institutions from

which we have heard opened with record-breaking attendance.

In the death of J. McHenry Jones, president of the West Virginia Colored Institute, at Charleston, W. Va., the Negro race loses one of its most true and useful leaders. Called by the *Wheeling News* the Booker T. Washington of West Virginia, no other Negro has had the constructive influence or the popularity among both black and white men in his State. For nearly a score of years he has gone about doing good, preaching the gospel of peace and service. He numbered among his many influential friends Governor Glasscock, who spoke at his funeral, and Judge H. C. McWhorter, formerly of the Supreme Court of Appeals, who paid him glowing tribute as an orator and a citizen, of whom the entire State was proud.

The Negro lost two other notable friends during the month in the persons of the abolitionists, William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., and Henry B. Blackwell, editor of the *Woman's Journal*.

Ralph W. Tyler, auditor of the navy, created perhaps the literary stir of the month by his publication in the *Ohio State Journal* of a censorious article declaring there are 1,000 Negroes passing for white in Washington, D. C.

In the *Outlook* for September 4th there appears the first installment of a series of six articles by Dr. Booker T. Washington on the history of the Negro race in America. These articles, as it appears from the announcement, are parts of a book, "The Story of the Negro," which it is understood is soon to be published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Negro and Democracy

Mr. Baker of all the widely known white magazine writers on American Negroes is perhaps the fairest and most hopeful, and has the largest amount of concrete data on their present position. But the writer of that stirring series, "Following the Color Line," in the *American Magazine* of a few years back needs no introduction to COLORED AMERICAN readers. He is now one of the editors of that fair and patriotic magazine. The following timely and intensely interesting contribution from *The Independent* in its final analysis expresses the well-founded confidence of Mr. Baker in the future of the Negro.—EDITOR.

THE Supreme Court of the United States recently handed down what is likely to become one of the most important decisions in its history; that in the case of Berea College, of Kentucky. For the first time we have a definite decision of the United States Supreme Court upon the discrimination against Negroes in the South. The majority of the court upholds the Kentucky law which forbids the co-education of white and colored people.

Of this decision Justice Harlan says in a minority opinion:

Have we become so inoculated with prejudice of race that an American Government, professedly based on the principles of freedom and charged with the protection of all citizens in the matter of their association for innocent purposes simply because of their respective races? Further, if the lower court be right, then a State may make it a crime for white and colored persons to frequent the same market places at the same time, or appear in an assemblage of citizens convened to consider questions of a public or political nature in which all citizens, without regard to race, are equally interested. Many other illustrations might be given to show the mischievous, not to say cruel, character of the statute in question,

and how inconsistent such legislation is with the great principle of the equality of citizens before the law.

By its decision the Supreme Court of the United States thus enters upon the problem of the limitation of democracy in America, and it upholds, though guardedly and in a limited sense, the position of the South on the Negro question.

And the position of the South is one of unbelief in a democracy which includes both white and colored people.

Once while I was traveling in Georgia I fell into an argument with a thoughtful man whom I was visiting upon the future of the Negro in America. He said to me:

"Our experience with the Negro here in the South since the war convinces us that after all the democracy of which our forefathers dreamed is an impossibility. There is and can be no equality between Negroes and white men, and we might as well admit it."

He went on to review the familiar assertions concerning the masses of Negroes in the South; their dense ignorance, their irresponsibility, their vices and crimes. "We are meeting these con-

ditions," he said, "by frank legislation which looks to the limitation of democracy. Politically we have the disfranchisement laws, socially we have the 'Jim Crow' laws. We see here in the South that while democracy is possible for white men, it is impossible for white and colored men together. We have no unkind feeling for the Negroes. We are quite willing that they should build up a democracy of their own, if they can, but it must be apart from our white democracy."

In these remarks my friend expressed the sincere conviction not only of the Southern white people, but of many Northern white people as well. Indeed, there prevails in the land a vital new concern in the limitations of democracy, expressed now in the decision of the United States Supreme Court to which I have referred. A large number of people, like those in the South, believe that we are trying to extend the limits of democracy too far; on the other hand, no small number of people believe that we have never gone far enough; that democracy, like Christianity, has never really been tried.

Let us not be confused, in this discussion, by statute book democracy. Democracy is not law, not customs, nor institutions. Democracy is a *spirit*. And if that spirit does not prevail among our people, should we retain laws on the statute books which we do not intend to obey? The white South has never believed in giving the vote to the Negro; it has never believed that the Negro should possess real civil rights; its law books, so far as the spirit of the white

South is concerned, have been full of lies. Distrust of the laws in this particular, habitual disobedience wherever the Negro is concerned, has spread until it has affected every human relationship. Men resort to personal vengeance instead of seeking the courts. The "unwritten law" is more potent than the written law, nightriders burn and kill and hang without punishment.

Travel in the South and you will find, as I found, most of the ablest and truest men urging the limitation of the franchise laws as applied to the Negro, and commending the separation of the races in cars, schools, railroad stations and the like. They feel that the laws should conform to the facts in the case; that men do not become democratic because democratic laws are on the statute books.

No, we must go deeper than statute-book democracy. We must apply our tests not to the written laws or customs; we must make inquiry concerning the spirit which underlies them.

The South does not now believe and never has believed in a democracy which applies to every man regardless of race, religion or condition. But neither does the North. Undoubtedly the North possesses more of the democratic spirit than the South; and yet, studying the growth of Negro communities in Northern cities, I am convinced that if we had anything like the proportion of Negroes that the South struggles with, we should also find ourselves developing a spirit not unlike that of the South. Lynchings, mob-law, discrimination, prejudice, are not unknown to-day in the North. I found discrimination and separation growing even

in Boston, and I could not find that mob-law in Springfield, Ohio, was any less ferocious than in Huntsfield, Alabama. The same spirit which drives the man with the colored face out of certain counties in Indiana is found burning Negro colleges in Texas.

We of the North do not, most of us, believe in any real sense in a democracy which includes black men as well as white men.

If there were enough colored voters in New York to carry the city, or even to exercise a balance of power, and they all voted one ticket as they do in the South, disfranchisement would immediately become an important issue. As it is, we are contented to disfranchise most of our Negro voters at every election by bribery. Let us be willing to face the truth, and not cast stones at our Southern neighbors. The plain fact is, most of us in the North do not believe in any real democracy as between white and colored men. Nor do we believe in it among our own white people, for we are divided into warring classes and societies. Nor does the Negro on his part believe in it, for no line among white people is more strictly drawn than the line, in some localities, between the mulatto and his black brother. I have known Negroes as intolerably aristocratic in their prejudices as any white men I have had the pleasure of meeting.

The point I am making here is that the *spirit* of democracy, which, after all, is the only thing that really counts, is not exhausted with exercise anywhere in this land. We have made a little relative progress toward democracy; we have ex-

pressed its shining ideal in some of our institutions, but for the most part the human heart of us is woefully aristocratic, ungenerous, prejudiced, and it expresses its haughtiness not only in the South, where the Negro suffers most, but in the North, where we employ swarms of underpaid women and children, and build selfish palaces out of the labor of wretched foreigners. We have no stones to cast at the South. This is our problem, too. I have heard much talk against the passage of the disfranchisement and "Jim Crow" laws, in the South, but I cannot consider them without feeling that whatever else they may express, they also constitute a genuine protest against the lie of the law. The Supreme Court decision in the Berea College case has been attacked in some quarters, but does it not represent the real view of the mass of American citizens? In Chicago, in St. Paul, in Boston, white parents do not often want their children to sit in schools where many Negroes attend. This is the plain truth.

But a tremendous endowment of power follows any effort to arrive at the real truth of things. Thus the discussion in the South regarding the limitation of democracy on the statute books has opened the question as to where, having begun to limit, the line shall henceforth be drawn. If you study the political campaigns in the South, if you read the proceedings of the recent legislatures of Southern States, you will discover that, however blindly, the discussions have turned upon these questions:

"How many colored men can be cut off from participation in the political rights

of the democracy? How many seats at the rear of the car shall the Negroes occupy? At what door shall the Negro enter the railroad station? Shall Negroes be confined in the same prisons, with white men, or take the oath with their hands on the same Bible, or be buried in the same cemeteries? How many parts of white blood shall admit a Negro to real participation in the democracy? What occupation must Negroes pursue in the democracy? Some would compel them all to be servants, others would admit them as small business men, but not as professional men, others still would let them practice medicine if they practice only among their own people.

All these discussions may seem amusingly trivial to the outsider who cannot understand that they are, after all, profoundly and fundamentally educative.

Think what a tremendous experimental laboratory in applied democracy is this South of ours! A whole people trying to draw an elusive line between some men who belong and some who do not! In each legislature, in each campaign, the line wavers, is broken down at some point, is newly drawn. Some awful event like the Atlanta riot comes along and the best white men and the best Negroes, who have never come together or knew one another, are irresistibly forced into common effort. A white man says: "I did not know there were any such intelligent Negroes in the country." Another asks: "After all, are we not brothers?"

Or some man arises—a liberator, like Booker T. Washington—who will not be classified, who breaks through many

lines. "What shall be done with such a man?" these campaigners and legislators ask themselves. "He serves the South. He is useful to all of us. How can we legislate such a man out of the democracy. But can we let him in and keep out the dark-skinned man who follows close behind?"

So these Southern men are concerning themselves with real questions; they are being driven onward by the tremendous logic of events. They will see sooner, perhaps, than we see the utter absurdity and impossibility of limiting a democracy. It must either be democracy or else a caste system or graded aristocracy, which, if it is forced, will petrify our civilization as it has petrified that of India. Once an attempt is made to draw lines and it is discovered that the whole attention of the people is centered, as it is to-day in the South, on drawing and re-drawing the lines—to let a few more in or to keep a few more out. So we shall discover in time and by painful experience that if the Negro does not fit into our present sort of democracy, it is not the Negro who is wrong, but the democracy. The final test of any democracy is its humblest citizen.

Science has taught us that every atom is necessary to every other atom in the universe. It is also teaching us that every human being is necessary to every other human being; that there can be no real democracy which leaves any one out. Emerson says, somewhere: "To science there is no poison; to botany no weed; to chemistry no dirt." To this we may add: "To democracy, no Negro."

Let me not be misunderstood. Some

people think that democracy means that men must necessarily eat together, or marry one another, or indulge in some other curious ritualistic proof of equality. A dinner-table is made the test of the philosophy of government and civilization! Could anything be more trivial! Let me emphasize again that democracy is not a code of social laws; democracy is a *spirit*.

No word has been more misunderstood in this connection than the word equality. The equality of men, the superiority or inferiority of men—what do they mean? I never yet have seen any two men who were equal in any outward particular whatsoever. I have met white men and white women and black men and yellow men, and lawyers and plumbers and artists and preachers and street cleaners, but I have never yet been assured of any superiority or inferiority. I don't know how that is to be settled. Surely not at a dinner-table or by different seats in the same car!

There is just one sort of equality that we can finally recognize, and that is the spiritual equality of efficiency. Does a man do his unselfish best at his job? If he does, he is the equal of any man on earth; he belongs here; he is a necessary person, for that is the sort of equality of men which is meant by democracy.

I have seen in the South the black man serving the white man, but I have seen in the South a reluctance on the part of the white man to return that service. I have heard the familiar argument, the divine right argument, that God in his wisdom made a special people who are white in color to live easily, fare softly.

sleep quietly, while another people who are dark colored do all the hard work and suffer in ignorance. But democracy on its way downward is curiously unob-servant of special privileges, however bolstered by appeals to divine law; it does not believe that one man or a group of men has a monopoly of God's gifts or his smiles; for democracy looks humbly for efficiency and when it finds the man who is a good servant it makes *him* the ruler and hero. No, the place of the Negro in the democracy is the place he can fill most efficiently.

Thus the spirit of democracy is the spirit of common effort and sympathy between different sorts of people. In its essence it is intensely religious, and it is the only thing that will finally solve the Negro question in the South. I have heard absurd talk of exportation, segregation, extermination—quack remedies every one, the mere temporizing with which delays the cure.

What I say here is not visionary. I do not believe that men can be made over by sudden revolutions. The human soul does not change quickly. It must meet sorry experiences and go through the travail of thought. I wish I had some exciting or sensational remedy to propose. I might stir people to enthusiasm; but I have no such exciting message. I have only to offer certain more or less platitudinous suggestions: that we cannot look for laws to accomplish what the spirit back of them does not warrant. The spirit of true democracy is faint in this country; and it is not surprising that the United States Supreme Court should express what the people feel. What we

need is a revival of the *spirit* of democracy, both South and North. How can this be attained? Again only by old-fashioned remedies: I mean by education and the passionate preaching of the religion of service.

But by education I do not mean that sort of training which means soft hands and an ability to spend money; but the training which means hard hands and the production of some good thing. And not for Negroes only would I commend that kind of education, but for white boys and girls as well. The trouble with most of the education of white people in the country to-day is that it trains men away from the common life, not into it. I have visited scores of colleges in the South and I have seen none where the work meant as much in the development of democracy as that at Hampton, Tuskegee and other schools of that type.

One of the finest tendencies I know of in the North to-day is the effort to introduce instruction in agriculture and the mechanical arts in the common schools. Let us have farming and Greek and stock-raising and philosophy taught side by side in all the schools! All are necessary in a democratic state and no one of them should be held in contempt.

It is curious once a man (any man, white or black) learns to do his job well how he somehow finds himself in a democratic relationship with other men. I remember asking a prominent white citizen of a town in central Georgia if he knew anything about Tuskegee. He said:

"Yes, I had a rather curious experience last fall. I was building a hotel and

couldn't get any one to do the plastering as I wanted it done. One day I saw two Negro plasterers at work in a new house that a friend of mine was building. I watched them for an hour. They seemed to know their trade. I invited them to come over and see me. They came, took the contract for my work, hired a white man to carry mortar at a dollar a day, and when they got through it was the best job of plastering in town. I found that they had learned their trade at Tuskegee. They averaged four dollars a day each in wages. We tried to get them to locate in our town, but they went back to school."

When I was in Mississippi a prominent white banker showed me his business letter heads.

"Good job, isn't it?" he said. "A Negro printer did it. He wrote to me asking if he might bid on my work. I replied that although I had known him a long time I couldn't give him the job merely because he was a Negro. He told me to forget his color and said that if he couldn't do as good a job and do it as cheap as any white man, he didn't want it. I let him try. Now he does all of our printing."

It seems to me that these little stories contain the germ of the new truth, the new democracy, in which a man shall be judged by what he can do. The wisest leaders in the South, both white and black, are turning aside from the old noisy ways of the agitator and are getting down to the work of education, doing real things in a real world.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPHINE SILMOE YATES



JOSEPHINE SILMOEY YATES

INDUSTRIAL ARTS AND CRAFTS IN AMERICA

ART in its radical sense means strength, power, the ability to perform a certain action with skill or dexterity, while the term craft as used in this connection means art or skill in any particular manual occupation. Art may be divided into two great classes, known, the one, as fine art; the other, as industrial or useful art. Fine art includes painting, music, literature, sculpture, architecture. Industrial art such practical subjects as agriculture, pottery, gold and silver smithing, glass making, cabinet making,

basketry, and hundreds of other trades and occupations of everyday life.

America is just beginning to hold an important position among other civilized countries with reference to arts and crafts, although no other country has advanced more rapidly along this line within a given time than has America. The history, origin, growth and development of art constitutes an important part of the history of every civilized people, and its genesis, or origin, may be found and studied to-day among the most primitive races. The art and handicraft practiced by a people depend somewhat upon their natural resources, their intellectual activity, and their creative genius. In turn, the arts and crafts of a people react upon their *moral* and *religious* advancement, as illustrated by the Egyptians, Hindoos and American Indians.

What has been said about American art may well be applied to her industries, for as America has advanced along the line of fine art so has she made rapid progress along industrial art. Something less than two hundred years ago nearly all American labor was done by hand, and labor under such conditions not only was considered drudgery, but, since most of it was done by slaves, it was also looked upon as degrading in character; but time, legislative enactments and creative genius have wrought many changes; and inventions have served not only to lighten labor, but have given the

people an opportunity to think and develop along many other lines. To illustrate, the McCormick reaper, invented in 1834, became the basis of the elaborate mowers and reapers of to-day; these machines have revolutionized agriculture, putting it on a higher basis. America has taught the world how to economize in labor, and American machinery to-day is in use the world over.

The study of art and craft in America in this age of industrialism is making itself felt in the American school system; and is bearing no unimportant part in shaping the working plans of the system; in helping to rationalize the training of head, heart, and hand; in harmonizing instruction in drawing and designing in grade and industrial schools.

Simple handicraft, such as basketry, rug making, chair caning, etc., should be taught in the lower grades, rather than trades involving the use of complex machinery, for the child represents in his development the epochs of civilization, and his industrial education should indicate these epochs. A demand for hand-made, rather machine-made, articles, is beginning to assert itself throughout the country, and opportunities to learn time-honored crafts rapidly multiply. There are now several hundred handicraft societies in the United States where associated workers produce useful articles, which, through the influence of Ruskin, Morris and other reformers, they have learned to make beautiful as well as useful.

Visitors from England to the home of Ruskin and Morris have stated without reservation that Great Britain has nothing

to equal the exhibit of Boston Society Arts and Crafts, connected with which are professors who are instructors in Harvard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Teachers College, Columbia, etc.

The basic principle in handicraft is that every craftsman must appreciate the value of *simple design*; and that over-ornamentation and specious designs must be checked so far as possible. This tendency is often displayed in book cover and wall paper designs, the bent iron work, etc., of youthful, enthusiastic individuals.

The general movement for trade schools in the United States may be considered as one of the direct results of the arts and crafts societies; and from a pedagogical point of view handicraft as practiced to-day demonstrates that the rise of machine power has not destroyed man's sense of the beautiful as applied to the industries of the world; that hand-made articles may possess a beauty unknown and impossible to the more rigid production of a machine; hence, education, always conservative, will always have special interest in the evolution of arts and crafts.

JESSIE M. JIMMERSON.

Having read excellent press comments and accounts of papers read at the recent meeting of the National Association of Colored Teachers, the thought suggested is that such valuable contributions to the cause of race education should be preserved as a part of race history; and that if they are not kept in printed re-

ports of the sessions, as in the N. E. A., in the papers with cut of the author to the next best thing would be their publication in a magazine of wide circulation, as THE COLORED AMERICAN. Send the Editor of the Educational Department of the above-mentioned periodical and we shall do the rest. e

FULTON.

By Julia Ward Howe.

A river flashing like a gem,
Crowned with a mountain diadem,
Invites an unaccustomed guest
To launch his shallop on her crest—
A pilgrim whose exploring mind
Must leave his tardy pace behind:
"My bark creeps slow, the world is
vast;
How shall its space be overpassed?"

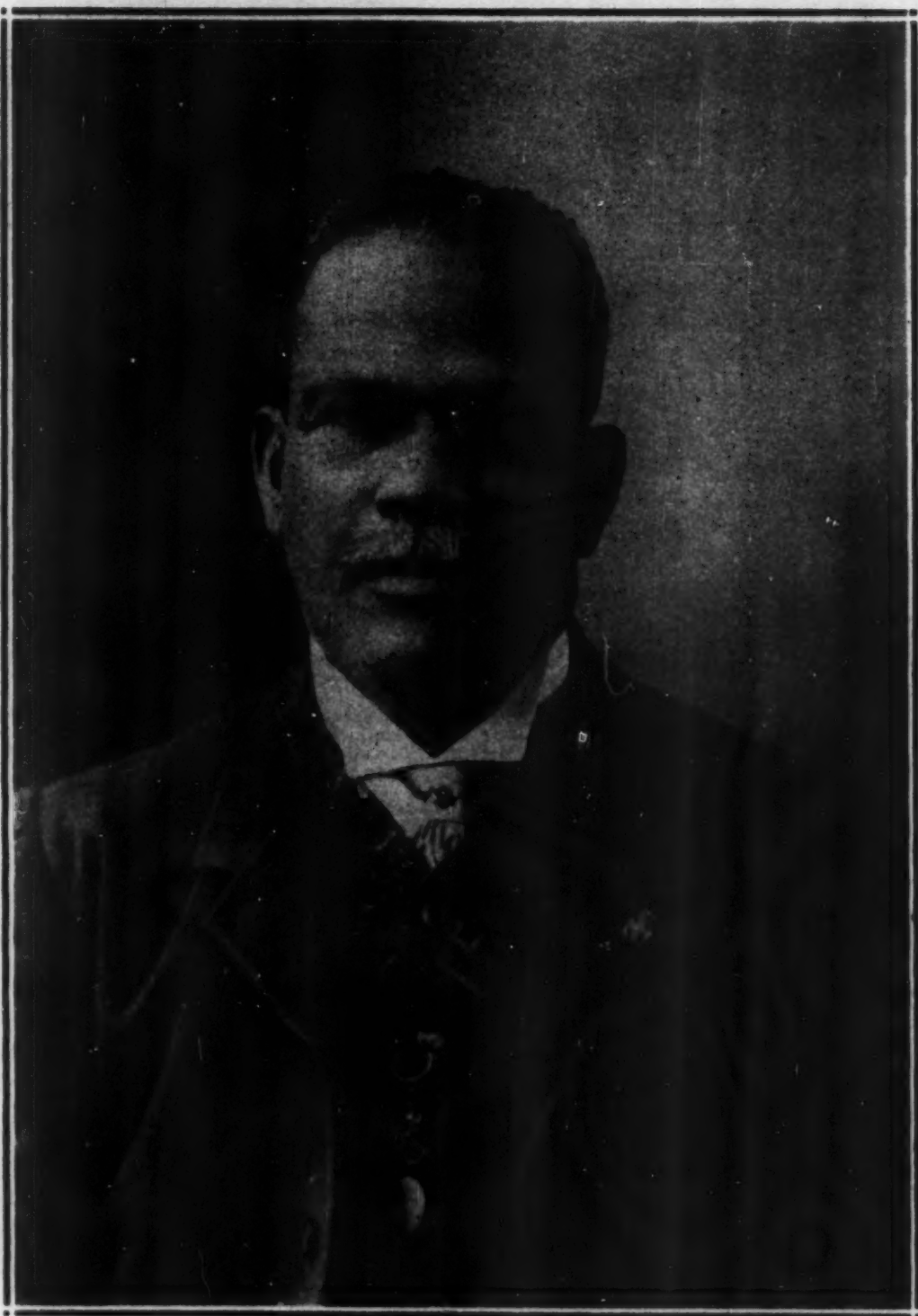
Responsive to his cry appears
A visionary, young in years,
Commissioned with prophetic brain
The mystic problem to explain:
"Where fire and water closest blend,
There find a servant and a friend."

Yet many a moon must wax and wane,
With sleepless nights and days of pain,
Pleading a monarch's Court before,
Shrewd processes and study sore,
Ere on the silver tide shall float,
Swifter than thought, young Fulton's
boat.

And not alone for Hudson's stream
Avals the magic power of steam.
Blessings of unimagined worth
Its speed shall carry 'round the earth;
Knowledge shall on its pinions fly,
Nor land nor race in darkness lie;
Commerce her hoards shall freely bring
To many an urgent summoning.
And Want and Wealth, in sundered
lands,
Shall closely clasp redeeming hands,
While master minds new gospels span,
The holy brotherhood of man.

Rest, Fulton, in thine honored grave,
Remembered with the wise and brave;
Thy message visits every sea,
Herald of benefits to be.
So nearly may our world relate
The mighty movements of her fate,
So Doom and Dangers wide apart
Appeal to every human heart.

And, as one sun doth compass all
That shall arise or may befall,
One fiat on creation's night
Bestowed the blessed boon of light,
So shall all life one promise fill
For Freedom, Justice, and Good-will.
—From Collier's.



UNITED STATES MINISTER ERNEST LYON
Who Says the Future of Liberia Depends Largely on the Future Attitude
of the United States.

The African at Home

By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

As Mr. Washington illustrates his point that the "education of the native African in the white man's civilization must begin much further back," just so he begins to tell herewith the Story of the Negro much further back than he and other writers have hitherto gone. This is as it should be. It has long been wished by earnest friends of the race that Mr. Washington would give an historic resume of his race. These timely articles, taken from *The Outlook*, later to be compiled in book form, not only because of their delightful reading, but their historical value, should be preserved.—EDITOR.

SOME time during the latter part of 1899, or the early part of 1900, I received through the German Embassy, in Washington, a letter saying that the German Colonial Society wanted a number of students from Tuskegee to go out to German West Africa to teach the natives how to produce cotton by American methods.

While I had been a student at Hampton Institute, Virginia, it was one of my ambitions, as it has been the ambition of a great many other Negro students before and since, to go out some day to Africa as a missionary. I believed that I had got hold at Hampton of a kind of knowledge that would be peculiarly helpful to the native Africans, and I felt that my interest in the people out there, vague and indefinite as it was, would in some way or other help and inspire me in the task of lifting them to a higher plane of civilization.

After I went to Tuskegee I gave up my ambition of going to Africa. I had not been long there, however, before I

was convinced that I could, perhaps, be of larger usefulness through the work I was able to do in this country, by fitting for the same service I wanted to perform Africans who came as students to America, and by sending from Tuskegee men and women trained in our methods as teachers and workers among the native peoples. The request I received through the German Embassy was therefore particularly welcome to me, for it gave me an opportunity to realize, in a direct way, the ambition I had never wholly lost sight of.

A group of our best students was selected for this African mission. They went out to Togoland, West Africa, and began to establish stations in different points in that colony, and then started in to grow cotton, using the native labor as far as they were able, but necessarily, at first, doing a large part of the work themselves.

They met all sorts of difficulties. They found the American cotton was not suited to African soil, and were compelled to cross it with native varieties in order to produce a hybrid type that possessed

the valuable qualities of both. They had considerable difficulty at first with the native laborers. I remember that John Robinson, one of the party who remained to carry out the work after the others had returned home, told me of an incident which made me see in a way in which I had not been able to see before that the education of the native African in the white man's civilization must begin much further back and with much simpler matters than most of us are likely to imagine.

Among the other things this party had taken out to Africa was a wagon which had been manufactured by the students at Tuskegee. While this wagon was being unloaded and put together, the native porters looked on with interest, never having seen anything that went on wheels before. After the wagon had been loaded ready to start, the attention of members of the party was turned for a time in another direction. When they came back to the wagon, they were greatly surprised to see that the natives had unloaded and taken it apart, and were busily engaged in fastening its wheels and other parts on their heads, preparatory to carrying them, along with the other goods, to their destination in the interior. Mr. Robinson explained to them, through an interpreter, the use of the wagon, and tried to show them the advantage of it. They were interested in seeing this curious machine of the white man work, but they were quite positive in their conviction that the good old-fashioned way of carrying everything on their heads was the better. Now that roads have been opened up and the na-

tives have actually seen a wagon worked, Mr. Robinson tells me they take it as a hardship if they are asked to carry anything.

During the time this experiment in educating the native African was going on I followed its progress, through the accounts I received from students on the ground and from the reports of the German Colonial Society, with close attention and intense interest. It was the nearest I had come, up to that time, to anything like a practical and intimate acquaintance with the African at home.

Among the first things the Tuskegee students did in Africa was to build for themselves comfortable houses, to supply them with well-made but simple furniture, to put in these houses not only the necessities, but some of the comforts of life. I was interested to note that within a few months the natives, and especially the women, had the notion that they wanted the same kind of houses and some of the same kind of furniture. The women naturally made their wants known to the men, and before these students had been in Africa half a dozen years the natives in their vicinity had reached the point where, with the training they had received and with the desire they had gained for better homes to live in, better tools to work with, and for all the other advantages which the black man in America seemed to possess over the black man in Africa, they were performing about as satisfactory service as the same class of human beings would have performed in any other part of the world.

Native Africans have been sent from

Africa to Tuskegee. Our Tuskegee students have returned from time to time and made their reports of successes. Thus in a very vital and practical manner has our institution become connected with the progress and civilization of our brethren in the darker continent.

Some time ago, in looking through the pages of some magazine or book of science, I ran across a statement that, when men first began to study the stars systematically and with telescopes, they discovered a certain class of errors in their calculations which were due to the personality of the observers. One man's brain, acting quicker, would record the stars as moving more rapidly, another would record them as moving more slowly, than their actual movements. It became necessary, therefore, in order to make the calculations correct, to study and take account of these personal aberrations.

It has occurred to me in the course of my reading about the African peoples that it would contribute much to the accuracy of our knowledge if some study were made of the sort of errors that creep into our observations of human beings. Important as it is that we should have a correct knowledge of the stars, it is more important that we should have an accurate knowledge of men. For instance, I have noticed that a man born and reared in the Southern States invariably looks upon the Negro with different eyes than the man born and reared in the Northern States. In their reports and interpretations of the simplest facts they are often widely divergent in their views. Even when they agree with each



SEME

Native African Graduate of Columbia University

other about the Negro, for instance, it has often seemed to me that their agreement was due to a misunderstanding.

Frequently amusing situations occur in the discussion of the Negro. Many of these have occurred in my presence. It seldom occurs, for instance, when I am traveling on a train, that the discussion does not turn on the question as to what is the physical, moral and mental effect on the individual when he is of mixed blood. One man will argue very seriously that there should be no mixture of blood, for the reason that he is quite sure that wherever there is a mixture it results in a weakened individual, bodily, mentally, morally. Within ten or fif-

teen minutes another man will begin, in the absence of the first, to discuss the same subject, and will, in an equally serious and positive manner, state that wherever in all history the Negro has been able to accomplish anything of value to the world, it has been because he had some tincture of white blood in his veins.

During these discussions I am sometimes reminded of an incident that occurred during my early boyhood, which, because it illustrates a phase in the development of the Negro in America, I may be permitted to mention here. Very soon after the days of slavery, and even before the public school system had been organized, there arose in the community a discussion among our people as to whether the world was round or flat. It lasted for several days, and divided the community into two pretty stubborn factions. During the discussion a colored man came along, a school teacher, who had very little actual learning, and made application to open a school. The question as to whether the world was flat or round was submitted to him, or rather he was asked how he would treat the question in the schoolroom, and he replied that he was prepared to teach either "flat" or "round," just as the individual family requested.

The continual discussion of the Negro often reminds me, as I have stated, of this story. The Negro question, like the Negro himself, seems able to accommodate itself to almost any and every shade of opinion. That explains how two men with diametrically opposite views sometimes come to an agreement about the

Negro; one thinks he should be flat and not round, the other thinks he should be round and not flat; but both agree that there is something wrong with him.

If it is difficult for people of the same race to understand one another when they are talking about things in regard to which their experience has been different, it is still more difficult for one race to pass judgment upon another, particularly when these races differ so widely from one another as the white man and the Negro. Dr. Franz Boas has called attention to this difficulty in a paper read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. "As the white race is the civilized race," he says, "every deviation from the white type is considered as the characteristic feature of a lower type; . . . the greater the difference between the intellectual, emotional and moral processes and those found in our civilization, the harsher the judgment of the people."

Under these circumstances, it is natural enough that the black man, who is furthest removed physically from the white man, should suffer more than others from the sort of prejudice Prof. Boas describes. With the possible exception of the Jew, no race has ever been subjected to criticisms so searching and candid, to state it mildly, as the Negro. And yet I have found that those who have known and understood the Negro best have usually been kindest in their judgment of him and most hopeful of his future.

For instance, the late Miss Kingsley, an Englishwoman who seems to have entered deeper into the mind of the West



LIFE IN AFRICAN HIGHLANDS

African than most others, says of the West Coast Negro:

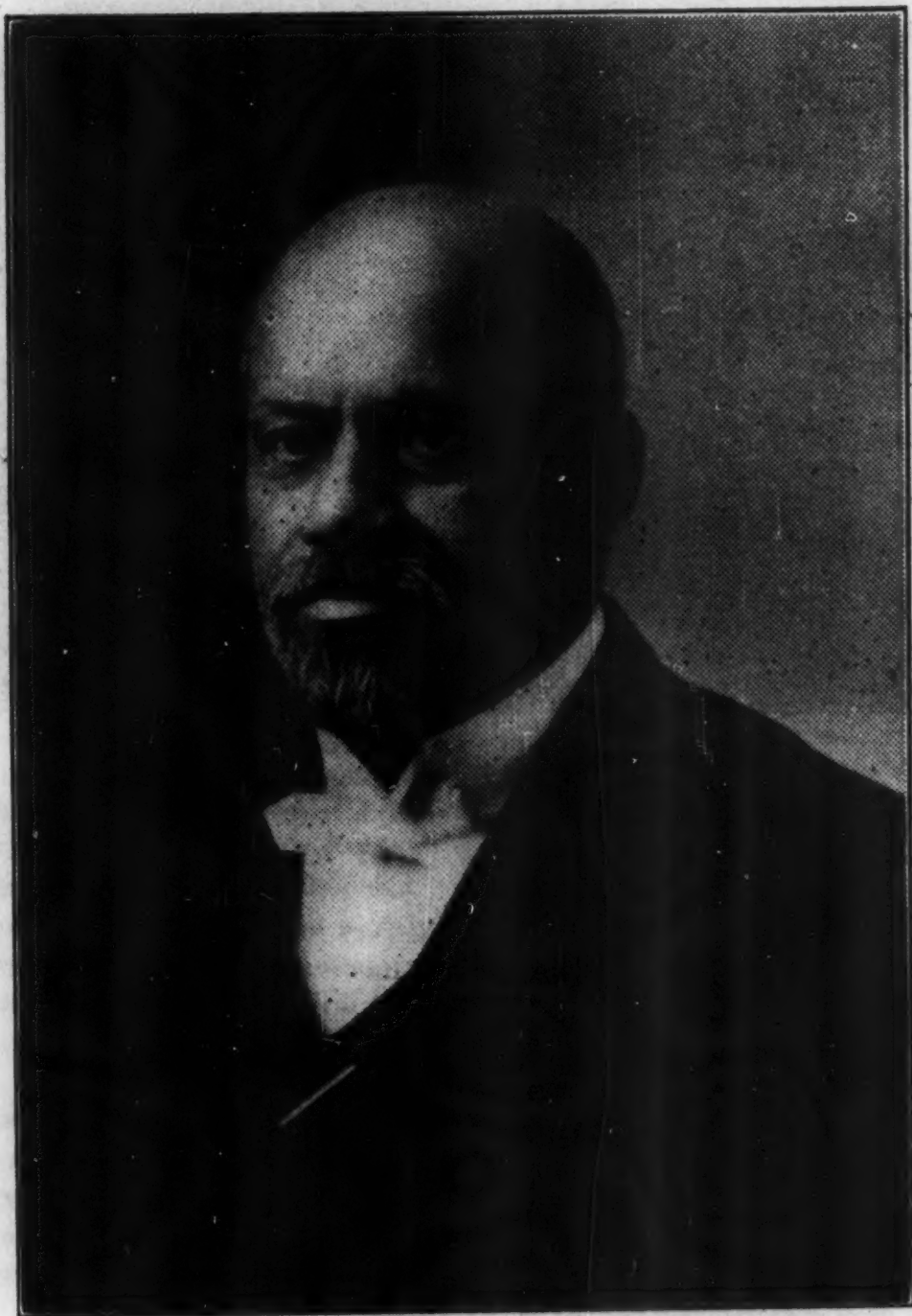
The true Negro is, I believe, by far the better man than the Asiatic; he is physically superior, and he is more like an Englishman than the Asiatic; he is a logical, practical man, with feelings that are a credit to him, and are particularly strong in the direction of property. He has a way of thinking he has rights whether he likes to use them or no, and he will fight for them when he is driven to it. Fight you for a religious idea the African will not; he is not the stuff you make martyrs out of, nor does he desire to shake off the shackles of the flesh and swoon into Nirvana. . . . His make of mind is exceedingly like the make of mind of thousands of Englishmen of the stand-no-nonsense, Englishman's-house-is-his-castle type. Yet, withal, a law-abiding man, loving a live lord, holding loudly that women should be kept in their place, yet often grievously henpecked by his wives, and little better

than a slave to his mother, whom he loves with the love he gives to none other.

Concerning the affection which the African has for his mother, Miss Kingsley quotes the Rev. John Wilson.

Mr. Wilson was born and educated in South Carolina. In 1834 he went to Africa as a missionary, and remained there for eighteen years, in close contact with the civilization of the forefathers of the present American Negroes. He was among the first missionaries to Africa. He remained in the active service of the Southern Presbyterian Church until his death, in 1886. While in Africa he studied the languages and reduced the native tongue of some of the tribes to writing. He says:

Whatever other estimate we may form of



BISHOP I. B. SCOTT

Who Has Charge of the Missionary Work in Liberia and West Coast of Africa
for Methodist Episcopal Church.

the African, we may not doubt his love for his mother. Her name, whether dead or alive, is always on his lips and in his heart. She is the first thing he thinks of when awakening from his slumbers and the last thing he remembers when closing his eyes in sleep; to her he confides secrets which he would reveal to no other human being on the face of the earth. He cares for no one else in time of sickness; she alone must prepare his food, administer his medicine, perform his ablutions, and spread his mat for him. He flies to her in the hour of his distress, for he well knows if all the rest of the world turn against him, she will be steadfast in her love, whether he be right or wrong.

If there be any cause which justifies a man using violence toward one of his fellow-men, it would be to resent an insult offered to his mother. More fights are occasioned among boys by hearing something said in disparagement of their mothers than all other causes put together. It is a common saying among them, if a man's mother and his wife are both on the point of being drowned and he can save only one of them, he must save his mother, for the avowed reason if the wife is lost, he may marry another, but he will never find a second mother.

Mr. Wilson points out that the Africans of the Grain Coast have long since risen above the hunting life; they have fixed habitations, cultivate the soil for means of subsistence, have herds of domestic animals, construct for themselves houses which are sufficient to protect them alike from the scorching heat of the sun and the chilly damps of the night; they show a turn for the mechanical arts, and in the fabrication of implements of warfare and articles of ornament they display surprising skill.

"As we see them in their native country," he continues, "they show none of that improvidence or want of foresight

for which they have almost become proverbial in this country, which shows that circumstances have made them what they are in this respect. They plant their crops with particular reference to the seasons of the year, and they store away provisions for their future wants with as much regularity as any people in the world, so that times of scarcity and want are less frequent among them than among others who pretend to a much higher grade of civilization."

Referring to the farms of the Kru people, the tribes from which the seamen of the West Coast are drawn, Mr. Wilson says:

The natives of the Kru country cultivate the soil to some considerable extent. Their farms are generally two or three miles distant from the villages, and are made at this distance to keep them out of the reach of their cattle. Nearer to the villages they have inclosed gardens in which they raise small quantities of plantains, corn, bananas, peas, beans, and a few other vegetables.

Of the mechanical skill of the neighboring Ashanti people, whose territory is in the English Gold Coast Colony, Mr. Wilson tells us that "they manufacture gold ornaments of various kinds, and many of them of much real taste. They fabricate swords, agricultural implements, wooden stools, and cotton cloths of beautiful figures and very substantial texture."

From time to time, as Tuskegee graduates have returned from the various stations in Africa in which they have been at work, they have brought back with them specimens of native workmanship in iron, wood and leather. I have frequently been impressed with the

beauty of some of the designs that native craftsmen have worked out upon their spears and in their homespun cotton cloth. The leather tanned by some of these native tanners is often surprisingly beautiful in color, design and finish. Some of the specimens of the native handicrafts have been placed on exhibition in the museum at Tuskegee, and in one or two cases we have been able to reproduce in our classes in basketry the shapes and designs of some of these native articles.

"Nothing perhaps," says Professor Franz Boas, "is more encouraging than a glimpse of the artistic industries of the native African. A walk through the African museums of Paris and London and Berlin is a revelation. I wish you could see the scepters of African kings, carved of hardwood and representing artistic form; or the dainty basketry made by the people of the Congo River and of the region of the Great Lakes of the Nile, or the grass mats of their beautiful patterns.

"Even more worthy of our admiration," he continues, "is the work of the blacksmiths who manufactures symmetrical lance-heads almost a yard long, or axes inlaid with copper and decorated with filigree. Let me also mention in passing the bronze castings of Benin and the West Coast of Africa, which, although perhaps due to Portuguese influences, have so far excelled in technique any European work that they are even now almost inimitable."

The blacksmith seems to occupy a very important place in the social life of Africa. Travelers have found these smiths

at work in the remote and inaccessible parts of the continent, where they may be seen collecting the native iron and copper ores, smelting and reducing them, and then working them in their primitive forges into hoes, knives, spear and arrow heads, battle-axes, wood-working tools, rings, and hatchets.

Just as everywhere in the Southern States to-day, especially in the country districts, at the crossroads or near the country store, one finds the Negro blacksmith, so in some of the remote regions in Africa every village has, according to its size, from one to three blacksmiths. Each smith has an apprentice, and his art is a craft secret most zealously guarded.

Samuel P. Verner, a Southern white man and missionary of the Southern Presbyterian Church, says in his book "Pioneering in Central Africa" of these blacksmiths:

The proficiency of some of these men is astonishing. I frequently have my work done by them, and their skill amazes me. They have the art of tempering copper as well as of making soft steel. Some of the objects of their craft which I placed in the National Museum at Washington are revelations to the uninitiated in their remarkable complexity and variety.

Mr. Verner's mission station was in the Congo Free State, on the upper courses of the Kasai, in the heart of savage Africa where the people have never been touched by the influences of either the European or Mohammedan civilizations. Speaking of the carving and wood-working of some of these tribes, Mr. Verner says:

Some of these Africans are wonderfully adept. They can produce a geometrical figure whose perfection is amazing. Their tools are of the simplest, yet they can carve figures of



A WEST AFRICAN MERCHANT.

men and animals, pipes, bowls, cups, platters, tables, and fantastic images. I saw a chair carved out of a solid block of ebony. Their work in ivory is also rare and valuable, and I believe their talent in those lines ought to be developed.

Throughout West Africa, wherever the European has not established his trading factory, the native market is an institution which is a constant source of surprise to travelers. These markets are the native clearing houses for the produce of the soil and the fabricated articles of the land. They are generally the center of the trading operations of a district ranging from ten to thirty miles. Here will be seen vegetables and fruit, poultry eggs, live pigs, goats, salt of their manufacture, pottery of their own make, strips of cloth, grass-woven mats, baskets and specimens of embroidery and

art work, besides numberless other articles of various sorts and kinds which are essential to African comfort and well-being. From the small group of native merchants who travel with their wares within a radius of thirty or fifty miles, to the large caravans of the Hausa traders who cross the Desert of Sahara, and at times reach the eastern and western confines of the continent, everywhere in Africa the black man is a trader.

Among the more primitive tribes the village markets are confined to two or three hundred buyers or sellers, but in the greater markets, like those of Kano and Upper Nigeria, twenty or thirty thousand traders will be gathered together at certain seasons of the year. It is an interesting fact, as indicating the African's interest in trade, that in many

tribes the market-place is considered sacred ground, and, in order that trade may be carried on there without interruption, no strife is permitted within its precincts.

Professor Boas, writing in 1904, said:

The Negro all over the African continent is either a tiller of the soil or the owner of large herds; only the Bushmen and a few of the dwarf tribes of Central Africa are hunters. Owing to the high development of agriculture, the density of population of Africa is much greater than that of primitive America, and consequently the economic conditions of life are more stable.

It may be safely said that the primitive Negro community, with its fields that are tilled with iron and wooden implements, with its domestic animals, with its smithies, with its expert wood-carvers, is a model of thrift and industry, and compares favorably with the conditions of life among our own ancestors.

It is just as true in America as it is in Africa that those who know the Negro intimately and best have been, as a rule, kindest and most hopeful in their judgments of him. This may seem strange to those who get their notion of the Southern white man's opinion of the Negro from what they see in the press and hear from the platform, during the heat of a political campaign, or from the utterances of men who, for one reason or another, have allowed themselves to become embittered. Southern opinion of the Negro, particularly as it finds expression in the press and on the platform, is largely controversial. It has been influenced by the fact that for nearly a hundred years the Negro has been the football in a bitter political contest, and there are a good many Southern politicians who have acquired the habit of berating him.

The Negro in the South has had very little part in this controversy, either before or since the war, but it has often seemed to me, if, after all that has taken place, the Negro is still able to discuss his situation calmly, the white man should be able to do so also. But that is another matter.

Nineteen times out of twenty, I suppose, a stranger coming South who inquires concerning the Negro from people he meets on the train or on the highways will get from these men pretty nearly the same opinion he has read in the newspapers or heard in political speeches. These criticisms of the Negro have been repeated so often that people have come to accept and repeat them again without reflection. The thing that shows this to be true is that the very men who denounced all Negroes will very likely before the conversation is ended tell of one, and perhaps half a dozen, individual Negroes in whom they have the greatest confidence.

A Southern white man may tell you, with the utmost positiveness, that he never knew a single Negro who would not steal—except one. Every white man knows one Negro who is all right—a model of honesty, industry, and thrift—and, if he tries to remember, he will think of other Negroes in whom he has the greatest confidence and for whom he has a very genuine respect. Considering that there are a good many more white people in the South than there are Negroes, it seems to follow, logically, that, in spite of what one hears about the Negro in general, there are a good many individual

Negroes who are pretty well thought of by their white neighbors.

It is well to take into consideration, also, that when Southern people express their confidence and their respect for an individual black man, they are speaking of one whom they know; on the contrary, when they denounce in general terms the weakness and the failure of the Negro race, they have in mind a large number of whom they know a great deal less.

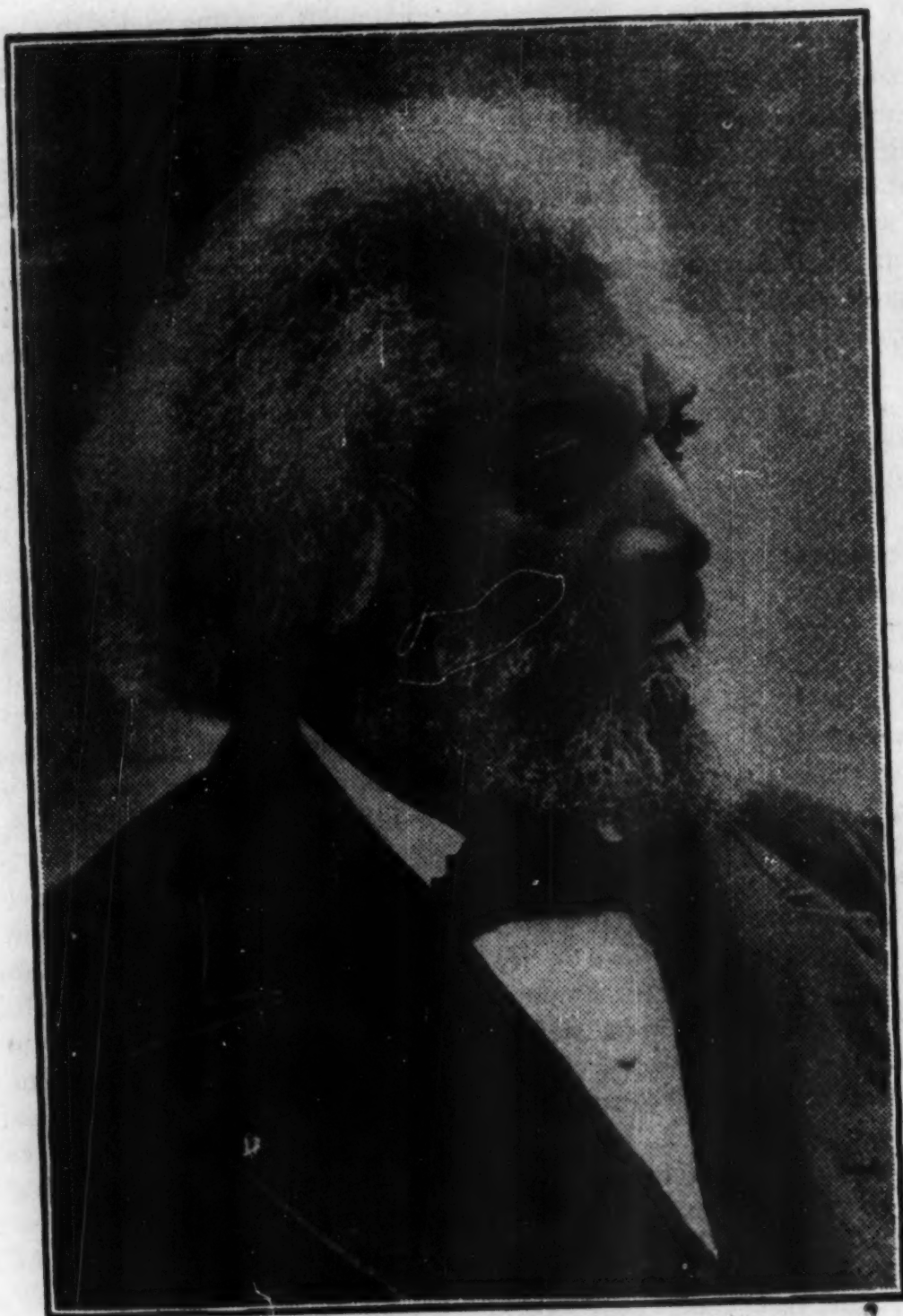
I do not mean to suggest that there is no justification for the criticism of the Negro that one often hears in the South. I have never thought or said that the Negro in America was all that he should be. It does seem to me, however, that the Negro in the United States has done, on the whole, as well as he was able, and as well as, under all the circumstances, could be reasonably expected.

It was not unusual, particularly in the early part of the last century, to find among the slaves men who could read and write Arabic and were learned in the lore of the Koran. W. B. Hodgson, a Southern slaveholder, published in 1859 a paper in which he gave an account of a Negro slave who had translated the Gospel of John into Negro dialect, using "the letters of the Koran, the book of his first religious instruction, in transcribing the Gospel, the book of his second instruction and conversion, into the adopted dialect of his land of captivity." Most of the others came from what were known as the pagan tribes of the coast. In spite of the fact that so large a proportion of the slaves came from these interior tribes, it was not until Mungo

Park made his famous first journey to the interior of the Sudan in 1795 that the Western world knew anything definite about that region. The eminent German traveler and scholar, Dr Henry Barth, first reached the famous commercial city of Kano in 1850, and until 1900 it was said not more than five Europeans had ever visited that city. The accounts that travelers give of the region and the people presents a picture of African life so different from that of the cost cities that I am tempted to quote at some length from these descriptions.

Several peoples, of strikingly different characteristics, contributed to form the several loosely connected states which now form the British Colony of Northern Nigeria, of which Kano is the principal city. The most important and interesting of these are the Hausas and the Fulahs, or Fellani, as they are sometimes called. The Fulahs are noted for their military spirit; the Hausas for their commercial enterprise. One has a light complexion, and the other is dark.

The Fulahs are an equestrian people, with a cavalry armed with lances and swords. They are zealous Mohammedans, with a knowledge of how to "divide and govern." Their independent character is described by the proverbial saying that "a Fulah man slave will escape or kill his master, and that a Fulah girl slave will rule the harem or die." The Hausas are superior to the Fulahs in the arts of peace. They are possessed of unusual industry, judgment and intelligence, and have a considerable degree of literary taste. The Hausas carry on the internal trade of the North and Central Sudan.



FREDERICK DOUGLASS

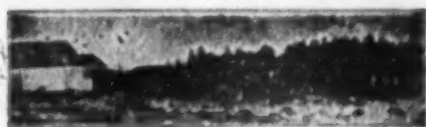
They are well clothed and have many well-built cities with populations sometimes of from twenty to sixty thousand. Barth, in describing Kano, which is, perhaps, to West Africa what Chicago is to the United States, tells us that he mounted on horseback, "rode for several hours round all the inhabited quarters, enjoying at his leisure from the saddle the manifold scenes of public and private life, of comfort and happiness, of luxury and misery, of industry and indolence, which were exhibited in the streets, the market places, and in the interior of the courtyards." Here he saw "a row of shops filled with articles of native and foreign produce, with buyers and sellers in every variety of figure, complexion, and dress." Now an "open terrace of clay with a number of dye-pots and people busily employed in various processes of their hand-craft; here a man stirring the juice and mixing with indigo some coloring wood in order to give it the desired tint, there another drawing a shirt from the dye-pot, there two men beating a well-dyed shirt;" farther on, "a blacksmith busy with his tools in making a dagger, a spear, or the more useful ornaments of husbandry;" and, in another place, "men and women hanging up their cotton thread for weaving."

The market of Kano, said to be the largest in Africa, is celebrated for its cotton cloth and leather goods. Traditions of Kano go back over a thousand

years. It is surrounded by walls of sun-dried clay from twenty to thirty feet high and fifteen miles in circumference.

The greatest chieftain that ever ruled in West Africa, Mohammed Askia, lived in Kano. He became ruler in 1492 and held sway over a region probably as large as the German Empire. Barth tells us that Mohammed Askia was an example of the highest degree to which Negroes have attained in the way of political administration and control. His dynasty, which was entirely of native descent, is the more remarkable if we consider that this Negro king was held in the highest esteem and veneration by the most learned and rigid Mohammedans. Not only did he consolidate and even extend his empire, but he went in 1495 on a pilgrimage to Mecca accompanied by 1,500 armed men, 1,000 on foot and 500 on horseback, and founded there a charitable institution. He extended his conquests far and wide from what is now the center of Nigeria, westward almost to the borders of the Atlantic Ocean and northward to the south of Morocco. Askia governed the subjected tribes with justice and equity. Everywhere within the borders of his extensive dominions his rule spread well-being and comfort.

The career of Mohammed Askia is possibly the best example of the influence of Mohammedanism on that portion of Africa from which our American slaves were taken.





"I MUST SPEAK FOR MY BOY."

Along the Lynching Line

By WILLIAM AUGUSTINE PERRY

This is the first of a series of thrilling stories along the lynching line written expressly for THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE by William Augustine Perry. Mr. Perry, a Negro graduate of Yale, was a prize story writer at the New Haven institution. So true to Southern life in depicting the white supremacy system, the degradation and brutality of the Negro lyncher, we dare not give the residence of Mr. Perry. Suffice it to say that he is at present at work in the South, was born in the South, and thus brings this admirable equipment to his stirring narration.—EDITOR.

GEORGE WILLIAMS



GEORGE WILLIAMS put his hoe and rake away for the night. Then washing in a tub at the side of the house, he entered his home with a lightsome bound. On one end of a table spread with a white oilcloth were a knife and fork and plate. An old negress sat at the other end peering at a pair of blue trousers which she was trying to mend by the flickering light of a small tin kerosene lamp without a chimney. Looking up over her square rimmed spectacles as George came in and greeted her, she said, "Li'l late to-night?"

"Yes," he replied, "stopped by the store." Then he took a paper package from his pocket and began to untie it.

The old woman laid aside her sewing and proceeded to put on the table some plates which had been covered up on the hearth.

"Si' down, son," she said. "Yo' supper's all ready.

"See what I've got for Johnny," said

George, holding out to her a "Homles' First Reader." "I'm going to send 'im to school to-morrow. It'll keep 'im out of mischief, anyhow. Where's he?"

The old woman laid the book on the table without answering his question. "I'll look at it alter a-while."

"I'm going to start 'im in his A B C's to-night," continued George.

"You si' down, son," said his mother as she put a pone of bread on the table. "I know you'se hongry." And she sat down to her mending again.

George was about to sit down, but stopped short and sniffed. "Goodness, I can't eat with the lamp smoking so. I'll run over to the store and get a chimney."

"Can't you make out with it to-night, son? 'Twus so late w'en Johnny broke it I wouldn't send."

"Ain't you going to eat?" interrupted George. "And you haven't fixed a place for Johnny either. Where's he?"

"Naw, I don't feel like eatin' right now," she said without looking up.

"Well, where's Johnny?"

"Oh, I put 'im to bed early to-night," she answered. And the red bandana con-

tinued to bob up and down as she adjusted the patch in the rent. "You kin git de chimbly to-morrer w'en you come from yo' wo'k."

"What's the matter, ma? You ain't acting right," said George as he sat down. "You sick?"

"Pa?" called from the adjoining room. George started to get up.

"You jes' sit still an' eat yo' supper an' let dat boy go to sleep. Naw, I ain't sick," she said as she peered at him over her spectacles.

"All right, ma! Whatever you say, goes. You made him go to bed because he broke the chimney?"

"Oh, pa?" came again from the room. This time it was followed by a groan.

"I know something's the matter here," said George, jumping up, and his mother buried her head in her arms on the table as he hastened into the other room.

The full moon shown through a window and lit up a pallet on the floor in one corner of the room. Johnny lay there sobbing.

"What's the matter wif pap's li'l boy?" said George affectionately.

"Mi-mis-ter She-shel-by slap' me an' made ma-ma haid hurt," whimpered the boy.

"What?" cried the father, stooping down and looking long at the child's face.

Then he turned away with a groan and strode heavily back toward the door.

"An—an' he made me tear ma-ma pan—pants in 'de gate," continued Johnny.

George stopped short and walked slowly back to the pallet.

"What were you doing?"

"I—I won' do-do-in' nuffin'," returned Johnny, drawing his arm across his eyes. Then he continued almost in one breath: "I wus jes' lookin' thu de fence at Jimmy an' Wob playin' perlice-man. An' 'cause I wouldn't make out I kill a man, Wob call me a ol' black nigger."

"That's right. Pap's little man knows it wicked to be playing killing people," and George stroked his forehead. "But didn't you call him ugly names first?"

"Naw, sir. Not twell he-he spit on me. Den I-I call 'im a taller-face ape an' thew some dirt at 'im."

"Why didn't you come home?"

"I wus, but Jimmy cried w'en I thew de dirt an' his fadder run out an' slap me down." Then he began to sob again.

The father groaned and began to tuck the covering around the child. "Be a li'l man now an' go to sleep."

"An—an' he grab me-me by ma-ma arm an'-an' pull me home," interrupted the boy. "An' 'cause gramma wouldn't whup me he slap me ag'in."

The father strode across the room shaking his head. The sound of something hard being dragged off a wooden substance came from the other side.

"I'll stand this no longer," said George, bursting into the other room. "I'm going to settle with Tom Shelby right now." And he stamped his foot and turned away from his mother, who arose and came toward him with tears in her eyes.

"For Gawd sake, George, mind yo' po' ol' mudder once more," she said, put-

ting her hands on his shoulder. "You know you'se hot-haided an' Tom Shelby is de debble hisself an'—"

"What business he got striking a poor motherless boy? Look at his face all swollen and he's got a headache."

"I know, son, but mind yo' po' old mudder once mo' an' trus' de Lawd."

"That's what you said the other time." Then after a pause he continued: "We trust in the Lord so much. You know the slaves sang, 'Give me Jesus, and you may have all the world,' and the white man has been giving us Jesus ever since and he has been taking all the world." And regardless of his mother's upturned face he stared vacantly toward the door of the room where the boy lay.

"You know if you an' Tom Shelby cross each udder you'll git de wus' o' it. Come now an' eat yo' supper. De Lawd'll make it all right. Vengeance is hisn, you know. You won' go fer yo' mudder's sake, will you, son?"

"I must speak for my boy if it is only to get down on my knees and beg Tom Shelby not to strike him again. I promised his mother I would stand by him and make a man of him. How am I going to do it if right at the start Tom Shelby's going to make him hate his color and make him scared of every white man he sees?"

"Dat's all truf nuf, son," said his mother, clinging to his arm and looking up in his face. "But you know de whi' folk's got eberything on deir side, an' 'tain no use to be kickin' ag'in dem, fer dey's sho to come out o' de big en' o' de ho'n. You jes' edgocate George an' bring 'im up right. Gawd'll do de rest!"

Counting over some pennies he moved toward the door.

"I wush you wouldn't go," pleaded his mother.

"I'm going over to the store and get a chimney for the lamp. Don't worry, I'll be right back."

He was about to enter a grocery store when some one blocked his way and said, "Look here, nigger! why don't you put a chain 'round that black rascal o' yourn an' keep 'im tied up. He came near blinding Jimmy to-day."

Without answering George tried to get past.

"I 'spose you're huffed up 'cause I knocked the devil out of him, hey?"

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Tom Shelby, to strike a little child like that," said the Negro.

"Giving me advice, hey? and forgot how to say Mr. Shelby. Take that for your sassyness."

The report of a slap in the face was heard. George staggered back a step. Something glittered in the moonlight. There was a flash and at the sound of a pistol shot Tom Shelby dropped forward a sprawling, formless mass.

As George hurried away toward his home he met a colored boy running.

"Hello, George," said the boy.

"Hello, Dick," returned George "Don't go—wait." And George reached out as if he would stop him.

"Haven't got time! Going for the doctor!" replied Dick as he rushed past toward the store.

Just as he dashed past the store some one grabbed him and shouted, "Here he is."

A dozen men rushed up. Hollow thuds could be heard above oaths and shuffling feet.

"Oh Lord, what have I done?" arose in a groan from among the struggling men.

Some one ran from the tumult into the store and returned with a rope.

"Drop that rope or I'll shoot," shouted a big policeman, and giving him a jab in the ribs, he sent him reeling. He then plunged into the mass of snarling men and began to scatter them. Another man rushed up and assisted him.

"Cover those men, Sheriff," said the policeman as he finally rescued the colored boy.

"Save me, policeman, save me," cried Dick. "I ain't done nothin."

"Shut up," growled the officer, as he snapped on the handcuffs.

"Stand off," shouted the Sheriff, as the men began to crowd around again. "The first one that hollers 'lynch' is a dead man" And he levelled a revolver.

Some one came driving by in a wagon. The Sheriff ran and stopped the horse and shouted something to the policeman.

"Lynch 'im! Lynch 'im!" shouted the men who were increasing in number.

Two pistol shots rang in succession. The crowd fell back. The prisoner was dumped into the wagon and the team soon disappeared in the darkness, followed by a mob of howling men.

The streets grew brighter as window blinds were thrown open and inquisitive heads darted out. The little town was soon in a commotion. Men, women and children stood in groups here and there while some one talked excitedly, some

were running as if there were a fire.

The mob was met on the jail steps by the policeman, and the Sheriff—both armed. The jailer appeared above with a rifle.

"Stand back!" came from the steps. "Lynch him!" came from the mob, and it swayed and howled.

Some one in a long black coat mounted the steps. His face showed his agony as he strove to be heard above the jeers of the angry men. "Damn the law," some one shouted. "Aye," cried the mob. "Lynch 'im! Lynch 'im!"

A bunch of men twisted itself out of the writhing, howling mass and went off on a trot. Soon they returned with a steel rail and wedged themselves toward the jail door.

Some one mounted the steps. "The law's no good," he said to the man in the long coat as he shoved him aside. "Come on, boys! Now we have 'im," he shouted to the mob. The policeman knocked him back.

The mob snarled. It seemed as if the gnashing of their teeth could be heard.

"Shame!" some one hissed. Then the men hissed.

The man remounted the steps. "Come on, boys! All together!" he shouted.

A cheer went up. The writhing mass fell forward. There was a crash in front followed by rapid shots from above. "Go on! Go on! Nobody hurt," came from the rear.

Less than twenty minutes later the moon was shining down on Dick kneeling in the center of a circle of over five hundred jeering men. He held his hands to the sides of his face as he looked up

at it in agony. Blood oozed between his fingers. His ears were gone. Some one put a hat on his head. The man who said, "Come on, boys!" slapped Dick and knocked the hat off, and growled, "Damn it, if you ain't got no respect for us, respect God."

The mob cheered. "Let us have a shot at 'im," some one shouted.

"Oh Lawd, what have I done," groaned Dick, and fell over weak from the loss of blood.

The mob jeered.

"Get up an' say your last prayers," snarled the man who had slapped him. Then he gave him a kick. Dick only groaned. "Get out of the way, Joe," came from the man.

A revolver glistened in the moonlight. The woods rang with the echo of a gunshot and immediately bullets began to rain about the lifeless body of Dick.

After the raging mob had had its full of shooting, some one brought a spade. A hole was soon made and Dick's jellied

corpse was kicked in. Sticks were jabbed down into it. And a thousand feet of howling, frenzied men stamped the earth into it so firmly that it was with difficulty that some colored people dug the body out later to give it decent burial.

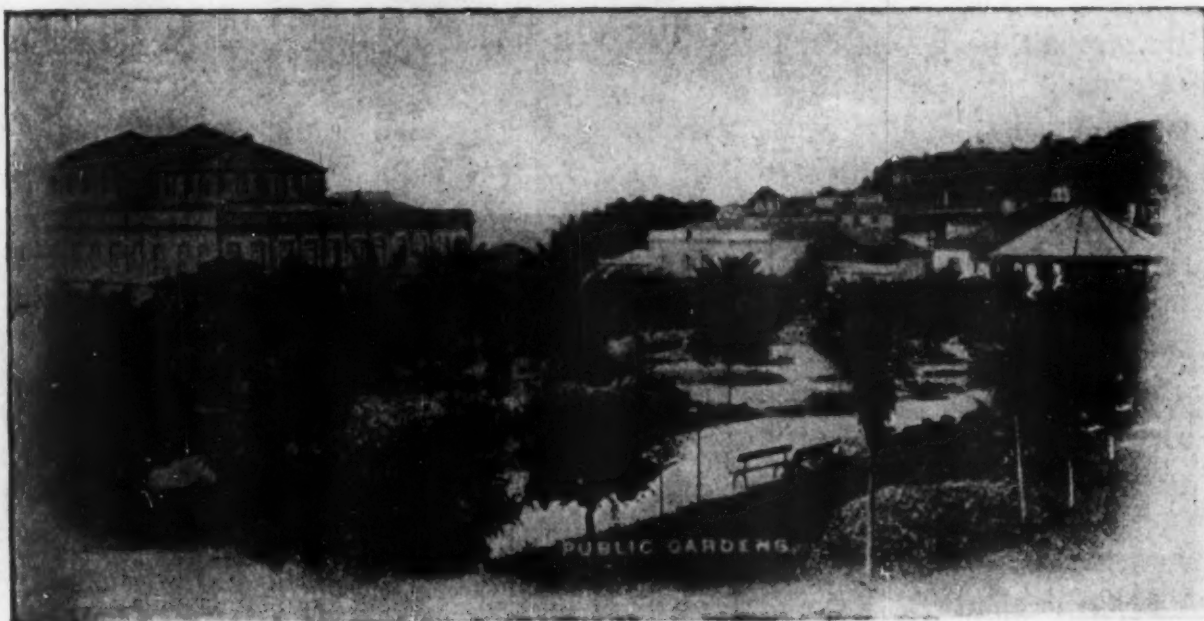
The next morning the following article appeared in a newspaper, a thousand miles away.

"A——, ——, 'Dick' Davis, a Negro, was lynched here to-night for murdering in cold blood Mr. Thomas Shelby, a prominent white citizen. By mere luck directly after the shooting officers were successful in lodging Davis in jail. But in less than a half hour after the murder a mob of over five hundred men had broken into the jail and Davis had been carried out into the woods nearby and riddled with bullets.

"In the stampede at the jail a Negro, the only one in the mob, was trampled to death. He acted as if he were insane and was found out later to be one George Williams."



The Negroes of Cuba



The following thorough and on the whole complimentary article was written by Sir Harry H. Johnson for *McClure's* September issue. As a traveler and student of the black race few living men can speak with such authority on the relative advancement of any portion of that race. It is therefore that the following interesting contribution on Cuba's Negroes gains its high value. Sir Harry had been vice-consul in the Cameroons and had served in high diplomatic and administrative capacities in the Niger Coast and the Uganda Protectorate in Africa.—Ed.



HE impartial traveler cannot but feel a sincere admiration for the results of American intervention in Cuba. Nowhere has the work of the Anglo-Saxon been better done or with happier results than during the five and a half years (1899-1902, 1906-9) of American administration of Cuban affairs. Yellow fever has been absolutely eliminated, and other diseases abated or abolished, by sanitary improvements, supplies of pure water, the draining of swamps, and the isolation of fever hospitals. Macadamized roads make it possible to reach many places by automobile or carriage; railways (mainly constructed with British or Canadian capital) have been pushed on till all parts of the island are accessible from Havana. American (and in some cases British) capital and energy have restored to efficiency the sugar, tobacco, and cotton plantations of the bankrupt Spanish planters—some of whom are in the employ of or in actual partnership with the newcomers; the cattle-raising

industry of central Cuba is more flourishing than ever; the sponge fisheries of Batabano have been given new life; and a great impulse has been imparted to the cultivation of fruit and vegetables. The deposits of iron ore are being worked with a new vigor, springs of mineral water have been discovered or rediscovered, and an extended use (for illuminating purposes) is being made of the asphaltum deposits of central Cuba. The police force has been entirely reorganized and crime of all kinds has diminished enormously. For the resident and tourist, Cuba is now an absolutely safe country.

Complete freedom of religion has been established (prior to 1899, the Bible in any translation but the Vulgate was a contraband article at the customs houses, and any form of Protestant worship was contrary to law); education has been undertaken by the State and is extended into every town and commune in the island; old churches have been repaired and new ones built, some twenty new hospitals have been established, scientific stations for the elaborate study of the marine fauna of the coasts and of the local agricultural possibilities have been founded and endowed.

Nothing has yet been done systematically to preserve the once magnificent primeval forests of the mountain regions, which are being destroyed at a reckless rate by planters and settlers, both Cuban born and of foreign extraction. But, then, as we know, the American people are still content to witness unmoved the reckless, stupid removal of their own forests by fire and axe.

The American as a Coloniser.

But the Americans are alive to the amazing beauty of Cuba, and, with very rare exceptions, they have not allowed the bad taste which still disfigures with advertisements large portions of United States scenery to mar the towns, the fields, the groves and mountains of the island they have held in wardship since 1898. Their additions and improvements in Havana—notably the magnificent domed building of the Lonja de los Viveres (Produce Exchange) and the Marine Drive along the coast from the end of the Prado to the suburb of Vedado—are so appropriate to Havana, such a necessary completion of her setting and architectural plan, that it is difficult to conceive of the place without them. Yet in 1898 the splendid avenue of the Prado ended meanly on the seashore in a filthy creek in which the cabmen washed their horses, and the great drive for miles along the edge of the sea had no existence.

Look again at Santiago, the eastern capital of Cuba, and now one of the most beautiful places in the world. In Santiago the solidly constructed houses (the Spaniards, among many great qualities, had that of building appropriately and permanently) were painted in tempera almost every attainable tint, combined with white copings, window-frames, doorways, parapets and skirtings. One house is ultramarine blue (and white), another dull mauve (and white), or pale green, maize-yellow, pink, terra-cotta, sky-blue, greenish blue, apricot, gray-brown. The effect, combined with the fronds of palm trees and



SPANISH CUBAN OF SLIGHT NEGRO STRAIN.

bananas, the dense foliage of figs, ilexes, mimosas, orange trees, and giant laurels, the brilliant flowers of bushes and creepers, the brown-red tiled roofs, the marble seats and monuments, the graceful balconies, the white stone colonnades, the blue waters of the harbor, and the magnificent encircling mountains, was daring, but eminently successful. One might undergo at Santiago de Cuba a color cure for melancholia. But in pre-American days the streets were utterly neglected, and the drains stank (as was also the case in all other Cuban towns). There was either a pavement of rough cobblestones with a filthy, stinking gutter on either side, or there was no pavement at all, merely the dust, mud and rock of the pristine pathway. The city was almost impassable for carriages; rough carts groaned and rattled over its uneven surfaces.

The Americans, represented by a deputy or provisional governor, changed all that. The steep streets were asphalted, tram lines were laid along the principal thoroughfares, and neat sidewalks of stone or brick were constructed, while, at the same time, a modern system of drainage was introduced. The town is now odorless, save for the scent of flowers; and its streets are accessible to all types of carriages, while poor people can for five cents travel this way and that, across the town and out into the country, in pretty little electric tram cars proportioned and painted to suit the narrow streets and gay colors of this fairy-tale city.

"An Achievement in the Best Anglo-Saxon Style."

Everywhere in Cuba American intervention has meant new life, wise preservation. Here artesian wells have been sunk to a depth of five hundred feet; there, quays and wharfs have been constructed or a channel dredged; elsewhere some ruined palace or barracks has been turned into a handsome yet appropriate hotel. National libraries have been founded or reorganized, Spanish highways have been repaired and completed, and an accurate meteorological record, of the greatest importance to planters and to seamen, has been established.

And all this work—as good as any thing done by England in Egypt or by France in Tunis—has been carried out quietly, unostentatiously, honestly, and in a manner to attract and conciliate the Cuban people. It has been an achievement in the best "Anglo-Saxon" style,

though the American officials and heads of industries who have brought happiness and prosperity to Cuba are (if one traces their origin) mainly of Irish, German, German-Jewish, French-Huguenot, and Scottish descent. The fact is that the "Anglo-Saxon" capacity for setting other people's affairs to rights is really the wandering genius of the vanished Roman people, which, after reincarnation in the nations of northern and western Europe, has again manifested itself in North America.

Cuba a Black Man's Country?

The latest official census of Cuba (1907-8) gave a native population of 2,049,000, of which no less than 609,000 are classed as Negroes. Of these "colored" people 242,382 are unmixed Negroes, of very black complexion; the balance of the 609,000 are mulattoes of varying tints. The color line in Cuba is obviously not drawn with unkind precision; octoroons and people with only a slight evidence of Negro ancestry may be classed officially as whites. And it is evident to any observing traveler penetrating into the country districts of Cuba that the Spanish peasantry of ancient settlement (as contrasted with the new Spanish immigrants since 1898) are considerably tinged with Negro blood as well as with Amerindian. (The "Indian" aborigines of Cuba, officially extinct in the middle of the sixteenth century, have, as half-breeds, lingered in central and eastern Cuba to the present day.) There has also been a slight intermarriage with the Chinese, where these people have settled in the coast towns or along the railways.

Yet Cuba is more a white man's country than a future realm of the black man. The Cuban aristocracy and the town bourgeoisie are quite free from Negro intermixture; are, in fact, very much like the population of southern Spain. This white element has been reinforced during the recent years by a stray contingent of Spanish immigrants, now (1908) numbering 185,398. These peasant settlers come mainly from Galicia, the Asturias, and the Basque provinces and constitute a most valuable addition to Cuba's resources; for they are indefatigable workers, are sober, quiet, thrifty and moral. Wives have accompanied husbands, and Spanish children are constantly raising the Cuban birth rate. The success of these new Spanish colonists is attracting other immigrants from Spain and the Canary Islands, and if this continues for a few more years Cuba bids fair to become an independent Spanish State.

But for this movement (since 1898), Cuba had a considerable chance in the near future of developing into another Haiti or a San Domingo. Many families of the Spanish planting aristocracy had been ruined by the War of Independence and had retired to Spain. Negroes were brave fighters and had been the backbone of the revolt, supplying the insurgents with their stubbornest fighting force. They, in common with all Cuban citizens, without distinction of race or color, had received the franchise under the new Republican Cuban Constitution. In an independent Cuba without outside interference the "colored" vote would soon have amounted to a third of the total,

and before long to a half, and finally have preponderated over the white element—with what effect on public order or efficiency it is difficult to say, since the Cuban Negro differs in many characteristics from the dark race in the United States and in Haiti, and has not yet been sufficiently tried in positions of responsibility and public trust to have established a racial character, good or bad.

But the recent Spanish immigration has decided the balance in favor of a white Cuba, and this will be strengthened by the several thousand Americans and the hundreds of Canadians, Englishmen, Frenchmen and Germans who are settling in this country:

The New "Color Party."

The black man, who fought so bravely to establish Cuban independence from the crippling, choking regime of nineteenth century Spain, runs some risk of being shouldered to one side by the rising white interests. For this reason, a party of color has come into existence during the election period of 1908. It is under the leadership of an officer in the long War of Independence, General Morna Delgado, and will proceed to watch politics in the special interest of the Negro voters.

But up to the present time the Negroes of Cuba (since 1898) have had no subject of complaint against the Cuban or American administration of the island or against white "society." And it can be said, on the other hand, that the whites have no cause of complaint against the Negro—the acts of violence against women, so common in the Southern States, being practically unknown in

Cuba. There is as yet no "color line" in public conveyances, resorts, or places of entertainment. There have been Negro mayors of towns and even negroid candidates for the government of provinces. Several members of the coming Cuban government are persons tinged with Negro blood.

Yet the Negro is losing ground, politically and socially, and unless he is content with his present status of farmer, laborer, petty tradesman, minor employee, and domestic servant, there will arise a "color" question here as in the United States.

Characteristics of the Cuban Negro.

At present, I repeat, there is none. Negroes and Negresses travel alongside white Cubans in trains or street cars, sit next them in cafes, theatres and churches, and the men match their birds against each other at those cock-fights which are still, despite American prohibition, the most important pastime in Cuban life. The Negro or Negress merits this liberality of treatment on the part of white Cuba by being always well dressed, clean and well-mannered in public life. A larger proportion of the colored people here (at the present day) can read and write than is the case in most of the Southern States of the Union. They can speak as good Spanish as the white Cubans, and struck me as being industrious, quiet, sober and prosperous. I noticed especially the good taste and good quality of the Negro costumes in town and country. There was no overdressing, no ridiculous ostentation of patent leather boots at inappropriate seasons by the men, nor the perpetuation

of the outworn horrors of European taste—chimney-pot hats and frock-coats. The women seemed just right in their costumes—so elegant, often, that after studying with interest the shape and color of the dress one glanced with surprise at the dark-brown or yellow face of the wearer. There was no blind copying of European fashions, whether or no they were suited to a person of dark skin and woolly hair; but a certain originality in the color and cut of garments, the shape of hats, and the arrangement of the hair which betokened thoughtfulness and innate good taste. If I were asked how the civilized Negro and Negress should dress in a warm climate, I should reply, "As in Cuba."

The country Negroes, of course, clothe themselves more after the fashion of peasants—Spanish peasants; yet even here there is a self-respect, an eye for suitable colors and shapes, an appropriateness to the tasks to be performed, superior to the slovenly dress of the United States Negro country-folk or the crude barbarities of the Haitian peasant-proprietors. The children in the country (white, even, as well as black) are most sensibly allowed to run about in warm weather with scarcely any clothes. In the towns the Negro children, especially the little girls, are prettily dressed, and never in bad taste or with ostentatious finery.

Altogether, socially and materially, I have felt that in Cuba I saw the American Negro at his best, so far as an average can be struck. Nowhere, of course, is there the intellectual development of the United States Negro in his higher

types; on the other hand, I did not see any real squalor, stupid barbarity, aggressive noisiness, or ill manners. The country homes seemed better and neater than the worst class of Negro habitation in the Southern States; the town dwellings might not always be sanitary, but they had about them the dignity of Spain.

In Cuba the ever imitative Negro race has acquired the pride of bearing, the good taste in dress and demeanor, of the Castilian. The bad points in the Negro population of Cuba are described to me by Cubans and Americans as (1) the tendency to form secret and masonic societies which are more often than not leagues for the committing of crimes and foul practices; (2) gross immorality; (3) petty dishonesty. Their ardent love of gambling is so completely shared by their white and yellow fellow citizens in Cuba, as also their overbearing demeanor and dishonesty when employed as petty officials, that it would be pharisaism on the part of white critics to add these charges to the list.

Why the Cuban Negro Becomes a Protestant.

The country Negroes of Cuba are imperfectly converted to Christianity. The Spanish branch of the Church of Rome has never really taken them to its bosom with any cordiality, and they are now, with real political freedom, steadily turning away from that church toward a vague and vicious heathenism—the fetishistic religions of West Africa—or, with decided moral improvement, toward the Methodism of the United States and Jamaica.

In Haiti, the Church of Rome, as di-

rected by a French clergy and French seminaries, is seen at its best—in the forefront of scientific research and imparting a sound education in practical matters. Here the Methodists and Baptists, or the Episcopalians of the States, make little progress in religious propaganda, and the influence of Jamaicans is entirely commercial. But in Cuba—perhaps also Santo Domingo—the Jamaican and the American bishops, pastors and teachers are rapidly drawing the Negro population within the Protestant fold, certainly to the advantage of their moral and material value. Any religious influence which can sap and finally destroy these odious and, at their best, silly secret societies—against which Rome has always set her face—cannot but benefit the Cuban Negroes. Moreover, missionary teaching—of any branch of the Christian faith—invariably breaks down racial prejudices and instils the love of a good and orderly government.

One direction in which Rome is losing Negro adherents in Cuba, and Anglo-American Protestantism is gaining, is in the matter of marriages and baptisms. According to various informants, the Roman Church in this island (as represented not only by the Spanish clergy, but by the recently established French priests, whom the religious troubles of the congregations have driven to Cuba and elsewhere) makes marriage so expensive a ceremony that Cuban Negroes—or Cuban whites—prefer to live in a state of concubinage to paying the fees demanded. On the other hand, the Baptists, Methodists, or Episcopalians marry and baptize for nothing. The greatest

attraction, however, which these younger churches offer to the Negro all over America is a larger individual participation in the service. Hymn and psalm singing is enormously attractive to this emotional, music-loving race. "A Jamaican Baptist came here last year with a portable organ and interested the people in his services," said an English resident to me in Eastern Cuba, "and there you see the result; the Catholic Church is abandoned and shut up, while over there is the new meeting-house where the people assemble to sing hymns." In another part of Southern Cuba three thousand Cubans, mostly Negroes, had gone over to American Episcopalianism, mainly owing to the genial services provided, "in which they themselves could take part." I glanced at the hymns used, and noticed they were all in Spanish translations.

The Dying Out of the Voodoo Societies.

The white Cubans charge the Negroes with still maintaining in their midst the dark Voodoo or Hoodoo mysteries of West Africa. There seems to be no doubt that the black people of Cuba (not the mulattoes) do belong to a number of secret or masonic societies, the most widely known being the "Nyanego"; and it is possible that these confraternities or clubs are associated with immoral purposes. They originated in a league of defense against the tyranny of the masters in old slavery days. Several of them (as described to me) sounded as harmless as our United Order of Ancient Buffaloes. But those seeking after scientific truth should discount much that may be read on Hoodoo or Voodooism. This super-

posed Dahomeyan or Niger Delta cult of the python or big serpent (monitor, lizard, or crocodile), with which are associated frenzied dancing, mesmerism, gross immorality, cannibalism, or corpse-eating, really exists (or existed) all over West Africa from Sierra Leone to Tanganyika, and no doubt was introduced by Inner-Congo, Niger Delta, or Dahomey slaves into Haiti, Cuba, Louisiana, South Carolina, Jamaica, the Guianas, and Brazil. Where Christianity of a modern type obtained little or no influence over the Negro slaves and ex-slaves, these wild dances and witchcraft persisted. They are fast becoming a past phase in the life condition of the American Negro, and much of the evidence to the contrary is out of date, or is manufactured by sensation-mongers. The last vestige of noxious witchcraft lingering among the Cuban Negroes is said to be the belief that the heart's blood or the heart of a white child will cure certain terrible diseases if consumed by the sufferer. The black practitioners who endeavored to procure this wonderful remedy are known as *brujos* or *brujas* (male or female sorcerers). At the time I was in Cuba (December, 1908) there were four or five Negroes awaiting trial on this charge at Havana. Other cases—said to have been proved beyond a doubt—have occurred in eastern Cuba within the last two or three years. But all these stories and charges are vaguely hearsay, and during the short time at my disposal I was not able to get proof of one. There is little doubt that occasionally in the low quarters of the old Spanish towns little white girls do

disappear. It is too readily assumed that the Negro is at fault.

I was informed by every resident or official whom I questioned that cases of Negro assaults on white women were practically unknown in Cuba. On the other hand, young colored or Negro women and girls were never safe with men of their own race; that rape, or indecent assault, was the commonest charge on which Negroes were arraigned. But further inquiry elicited that these attacks were generally made by young unmarried men on young unmarried women; were, in fact, a rough-and-ready courtship which would be more frequently followed by a formal marriage were it not that marriage fees were too high. The girl generally only brought the charge to compel the man to marry her. The Cuban courts in such instances are ready to waive punishment if the culprit and his victim are unmarried and are ready to go through the form of marriage in court.

Few people who have not visited Cuba are aware how emphatically "white" is a considerable proportion—at least one-half—of its population of 2,049,000. The people of the large and ancient town of Camaguey, in central Cuba, are entirely of white Spanish descent, and their women are justly renowned for beauty. Another fact that is not appreciated is the considerable element of "Indian" blood in the peasantry of eastern Cuba. Pure-blooded Indians are said to have existed in the East Cuba mountains down to the early part of the nineteenth century, and I have seen Indian reservations of land which were only finally broken up and thrown open to general settlement (main-

ly by Indian half-breeds) by the Spanish government forty years ago. It is evident to me that the Amerindian population of Cuba at the time of the Spanish Conquest was not so much exterminated as absorbed into the Spanish-speaking community.

Thus in Cuba at the present day there are three main elements of population: a million pure-blooded whites (mainly Spanish, but with an American, Canadian and French admixture not to be overlooked); half a million yellows (mixed Indian and Spanish); and over half a million Negroes and Negroids, the quadroon and octoroon members of which class are always eager to desert the Negro camp and fuse with the yellow Cuban middle class. Gradually the three or four hundred thousand Negroes or dark-skinned Negroids of Cuba are segregat-

ing into a racial group apart from the whites and yellows, but a group to which it is incorrect to apply any derogatory classification as regards industry or intellect. Many Cuban Negroes are wealthy citizens, dwelling in good town houses, and possessing flourishing country farms; their wives are well dressed, and their children are being well educated. Negroes or dark mulattoes are to be found in all the professions and in nearly every branch of the government service, notably in the police, army, post office, and public works. While the Negroes are inferior in many qualifications to the pure-blooded whites of Cuba, they may certainly be ranked next to the white element in physical efficiency and in mental vigor. They are a more potent factor in this country than the oldest section of the population, the yellow-skinned Spanish-Indian hybrid.

I MAKE MY BED OF ROSES.

I make my bed of roses sweet!
I scorn the frowns of envious Fate!
I will my careless song repeat
While round may surge contending
hate!
For life is what we make it still,
And I am master of my will.
Then let me quaff life's nectar wine,
And live, O Lord, the passing hour
The world, and all therein, is mine,
Of fame or wealth or transient power;
For he indeed is all supreme
Whose dream of life is all a dream.

—TIMOTHY FORTUNE.



The Downtrodden Negro



NEGRO SOLDIER, 1861

I am the same poor Negro who was with you all last year, whose woes were told in public prints and scattered far and near; I am the same downtrodden soul you knew the year before, and bruised and battered though I am, you see me here once more; perhaps your tears were shed for me in times of my distress, and your heart may have bled for me a gallon more or less; perhaps you may have prayed for me to make my burdens light when all the world was laid for me with pitfalls day and night; the world has no regard for me, the country does me wrong, but though my life is hard, you see somehow I get along, and while injustice visits me and all my ways are rough, I'm still alive, which proves, you see, that I am



NEGRO SOLDIER, 1900

pretty tough; for years may come and years may die and seasons ebb and flow, but every season here am I, with my same tale of woe. The tongues of great men speak for me in clarion tones and clear; I guess I get more sympathy than anybody here. The statesman peels his coat for me, and with his flashing eye, he promises to vote for me and bids my hopes keep high; the press is solid on my side, the pulpit lends its hand; from public platforms far and wide men cheer me through the land; the speeches that are made for me would reach the world about, and cruel fate is flayed for me with rounded words and stout; the guns of honeyed flattery bombard me all at once; abstractly I'm a hero, but concretely I'm a dunce; and

while the world is fuming o'er the troubles that are mine I just go on progressing and progressing, rain or shine, and sympathy may clog the pen and speeches ebb and flow, but every year I'm back again, with my same tale of woe.

You'd think, with all the sympathy and good advice I get, that trouble soon would end for me, but I have troubles yet. I've got 'em hemstitched, got 'em plain, embroidered and with frills, and thus you see me back again, with all the same old ills; no sooner do they get me out of trouble and distress than I turn straightway right about into another mess. Oppression's foot is on my neck until

I come to feel, from pressing down on me so hard, a blister on its heel. The world unites to speak my praise, in country or in town; it flatters me before my face and hits me when I'm down; so lend no concrete aid to me, though I be thin and gaunt, but grudge me not your sympathy, for that is all I want. 'Twas Adam first who set my pace, nor will my plaint be dumb till I have reached that fabled place of the Millennium, and even then I have no doubt, as eons ebb and flow, there will be some of me about with my same tale of woe.

With apologies to J. W. Foley.—Ed.

Dayton's Exclusive Colored Park

Various indeed are the enterprises which Negro initiative and race prejudice have established in this. But few are more remarkable, more full of food for thought than Dehomey Park, a colored amusement resort owned and operated by the widely known Moses Moore, of Dayton, Ohio.

Dehomey Park, at the intersection of Lake View avenue and Germantown pike, was opened to the colored citizens of Dayton, Saturday, May 22, under the management and ownership of Moses Moore, who has given his entire attention, having disposed of his former interests. Mr. Moore owns the land and the entire equipment and he has the largest park in the United States devoted exclusively to the patronage of colored people. There are but two others, one in Washington and the other in Birmingham, Alabama.

There was special music on the occa-

sion of the opening and a wide range of attraction, and in the handling of the business, Manager Moore has had the advice and assistance of his popular wife. There has been no intoxicating liquors of any description sold on the premises, but there has been every wholesome amusement to be found in any park.

Adjoining the park there is a baseball grounds with commodious grandstand, and some of the noted colored clubs of the country have been seen there during the summer. There was roller skating Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. A fine band and orchestra discoursed the latest music every night. Among the attractions there has been a merry-go-round of the latest design, motion pictures and illustrated songs, picture gallery, shooting gallery, cane racks, baby racks, souvenir stand, etc. The one zoological feature at first was a cage of mon-



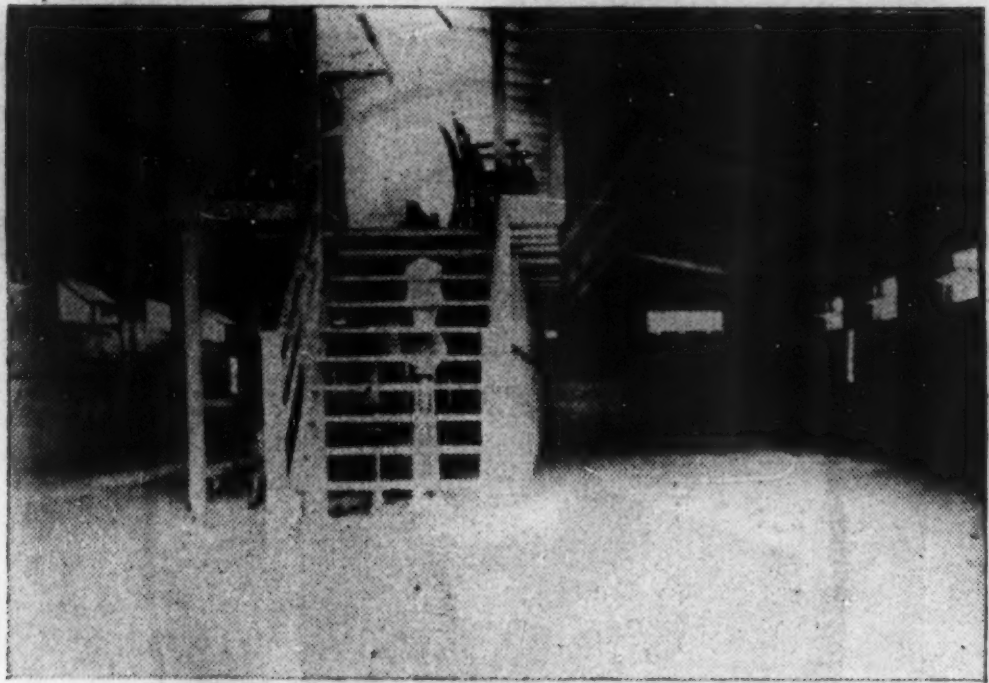
MOSES MOORE

keys. There has been running busily a penny arcade in which a whole show may be seen for a penny.

The restaurant and ice cream parlor have been notable features of the new park. The restaurant has large facilities for serving banquets in first-class style and the colored society folk have had a number of them during the summer. The Masons were here in August with a

great gathering, and there was given them an elaborate banquet at Dehomey Park.

Mr. Moore has invested over \$40,000 in his new venture and there is every reason to believe that it will prove to be a big success. The park is intended for the use of colored people and the patronage of others is not sought; but white people have been civilly treated and served when they visit the park.



DEHOMEY PARK : Entrance to Grand Stand.



DEHOMEY PARK : The Cafe.



DEHOMEY PARK: The Dining Room.



DEHOMEY PARK: The Reception Room.



DEHOMEY PARK: The Merry-Go-Round.



MATT. HENSON ON BOARD THE "ROOSEVELT."

WHITE MAN AND BLACK MAN

(Dedicated to Matthew Henson)

Together they conquered the Pole
 Two heroes, a white and a black;
 Two heroes undaunted of soul,
 Together they conquered the Pole
 And hoisted the flag at the goal—
 More ready to die than give back;
 Together they conquered the Pole,
 Two heroes, a white and a black,

Together they struggle and win,
 The heroes, the black and the white.
 What matters the shade of the skin?
 Together they struggle and win,
 Though prejudice, jealousy, sin,
 Are weakening some for the fight;
 Together they struggle and win,
 The heroes, the black and the white.

—By Roy Tappan House.

The Author of "The Poet's Vision"



R. A. GAIRY

The author of the "Poet's Vision and the Noblest Struggle" is a native of Grenada, B. W. I. He is the third youngest of a family of eight.

His father, Samuel Gairy, who died when the poet was in his eighth year, was a man of a generous disposition, though very quick tempered and frank to a fault. His mother, Frances Gairy, who is still living, is of a very modest and retiring nature.

From a very early age he attended the River Sallic Government School. There he easily led his class at every stage. At

the age of fourteen, having completed his elementary training, contrary to the wishes of the principal, Mr. F. F. Mahon, who wished him to remain as a pupil teacher and prepare himself to sit for the College of Preceptors' local examination, he left school and, for the next two years worked in a small village store and superintended the work on a small plantation owned by the family.

At the age of sixteen he was engaged as clerk by Mr. James A. Whyte, a wholesale and retail dealer in American foodstuffs, in whose employment he remained until his departure for this country, six and a half years afterwards.

Of a studious nature and naturally curious, he read as extensively as his limited resources permitted during his leisure hours. His first attempt at poetry was when he was in his nineteenth year. He began by composing rhymed epistles to his friends by whose generous remarks he was greatly encouraged.

One of these fell into the hands of a Mr. R. C. Martin, a school teacher, with whom he became acquainted shortly afterwards, and whose friendly criticism of the poet's then erratic verses proved very helpful.

At the age of twenty-three, infected with the incurable fever of poetry and a desire to see the world, he left his fairly lucrative employment, and, despite the tears and entreaties of his mother, who dreaded the effects of a wintry clime on her least robust son, he bade

farewell to his native home and sailed for this country.

His first poetic venture in this city was composed on the fate of the General Slocum.

During the five years of his residence in a busy city his love for the muse and his persistent pursuit in the study and writing of poetry has never waned despite the struggle for existence and the depression which often arises from unfavorable circumstances.

The "Poet's Vision" was written in the summer of 1906; he then became acquainted with Mrs. Ida G. Pentecost, a writer in several New Thought magazines, whose generous opinion of his verses greatly encouraged him.

The "Noblest Struggle" was composed in the spring of this year.

The former expresses the poet's optimistic belief in the ultimate triumph of humanity over all its shortcomings. He believes that that triumph shall be attained through Love. The latter is a tribute to the mother—the noblest struggler in the world.

The book has been highly commented upon by Archdeacon Geuth, Mr. Donovan, editor, and Mr. C. H. Lucas, solicitor, all prominent members of his home community.

He is a member of the colored men's branch of the Y. M. C. A. of 252 West 53d street, and regularly attends their literary meetings in which he often takes part.

BE TRUE.

"Be true to right: let justice still
Her even balance claim;
Unawed, unbribed, through good or ill,
Make rectitude your aim."

"Be true to truth: the proudest name
That sterling worth may win
Is soiled and tarnished past reclaim
Where falsehood enters in."

"Be true to reason: let her light
Be ever glorified,
And make through life her beacon
bright
A fixed, enduring guide."

"Be true to self-respect: the world
May judge thy motives wrong,
And slander's poisoned shafts be hurled
Where virtue moves along."

"These are virtues, these the ways
That bring their own reward;
And to observe them all thy days
Keep constant watch and guard,
He who from these his guidance takes
Gives to the race the hope that makes
The march of man sublime;
And each good deed, each wrong with-
stood,
Lives in its influence for the good,
Throughout all coming time!"



NEGROES AND THE MAIL SERVICE

The Charleston News and Courier thus essays to account for what it terms the "Africanization of the Mail Service in the Southern States":

In the parish prison at New Orleans two Negroes are confined. It is charged that one of them, desiring to be a railway mail clerk, persuaded the other, a Negro of some education, to take the examinations for him. Everything went along nicely. The first Negro received his appointment and reported for work. Then something happened. His manifest ignorance at once disclosed to his superiors the fact that the man could never have passed any intellectual examination. Certain it is that the postal service has shown evidence of ignorance somewhere, and certain it is, too, that this has followed the appointment of a very large proportionate number of Negroes. How many of these persons have obtained their positions through fraud is a matter for conjecture.

But just see what the Southern spokesman has done. He credits Negroes with an ingenuity and the white civil service officials with a stupidity hardly credible. Or if he assumes that Negro applicants are in collusion with the white examiners he is charging the whites with a criminality at least equal to the blacks'. He indicts and commends the civil service in the same breath. If he credits the Negro applicants with superior intellect as to deceive their superior officials, he at the same time credits the Negroes with sufficient intel-

lect to pass the examinations, aye, even to surpass their fellow white applicants. More than 95 per cent. of such malefactors in Southern Federal prisons are white, and judge, jury and executioners have been white. What about the Negro's intellect and the Federal courts? No, too high is the compliment paid to the brain of the black man. The illustration of the isolated Louisiana case is the flimsiest and most illogical defense for Southern race-jealousy we have seen. Why does not the Southern editor say that he hates to see a Negro in the railway mail service? Why does he not start a propaganda for the abolition of the civil service in the Southern States, making color and not fitness the test?

Mr. Editor, let us make a suggestion in all sincerity and patriotism. Tell your people, if you will, that they are superior to Negroes, but that as all the advantages are theirs they must prove it. Urge them to greater fitness and effort. Do not plunge their dwarfed Negro-hating intellects still deeper in the mire of prejudice and ignorance. Thus you will insure not white supremacy, but continued demoralization for your children and children's children.

AN ABLE CONSUL

W. H. Hunt, the American Consul at St. Etienne, France, is not only one of the most careful, conscientious and

hard-working officials of this government ever sent to that post, but he is one of the most popular. He is greatly honored by the French. Mr. Hunt illustrates the capacity of a Negro, and what a Negro can do. As a representative of the race sent to represent this government at a foreign post, he reflects the highest credit on the race. He is president of the Club Franco-Etranger, a literary organization for familiarizing foreigners with the languages, customs and business methods of the different nations; also president of the Racing Club Stephanois, devoted to foot-racing, football and other athletic sports. He is a member of different social and other clubs, and is invited to participate in nearly everything that goes on in his community.

His relations with the government officials are of the most friendly and cordial character. An honor rarely bestowed on a foreigner was shown him recently by the French Government in conferring on him the honorary degree of "Official d'Academie," which is generally conferred in recognition of literary work. But this was given in recognition of his long and meritorious work in Madagascar, as well as his interest in general affairs at St. Etienne, and his membership in the American Geographical Society of New York.

NEW STATE FOR THE NEGRO

It has remained for William Archer, the English author, to find the great and only solution of the Negro problem. In a recent number of *McClure's* Mr. Archer reaches the final conclusion that Negro extermination is un-

satisfactory because that process working backward at present is too slow and may react; that the "Atlanta Compromise" plan of "living together and yet apart" proposed by Booker T. Washington, in his celebrated Cotton Exposition speech, is deceptive and temporary and that amalgamation is intolerable but inevitable if the races live together. The Negro, therefore, must go, decrees the philosopher. Deportation to Africa would be cruel and expensive, Mr. Archer blandly admits. But the bright idea dawns all at once. Settle the ten million Negroes of the United States upon the arid but "productive" lands of western Texas and Arizona and then force them to stay there! Equally easy, too, Mr. Archer in one breath says, force the white people to stay out. Then as a sort of tanglefoot inducement to the Negro and to show, too, that the details of the simple task have had the master's attention, Mr. Archer elaborates how the happy new Negro State should have statehood and national representation, and how the graduates of Hampton and Tuskegee should be employed as the new State architects and builders.

Great indeed is Archer. For nothing in the eyes of William Archer counts the wisdom of such practical and far-sighted statesmen as President Taft, who says that the best proof of the ability of the two races to dwell side by side is the fact that they are so living. The best reason for their co-operation, even after the "Atlanta Compromise" plan the thoughtless President thinks, is that "they have got to so

live together." With one stroke of the pen, however, Mr. Archer relegates liberty and equality and with them the Republic to oblivion.

Surely this is the limit of absurdity. This ceaseless grind of fads brought forth by closet solvers of the problem is enough to give the American people a fatal ennui. In the meantime, the wearied people will continue, as they must, to adjust relations so far as the Negro is concerned to the new order of things. In the meantime, the Negro will plod on upon the road of progress singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

"KNOCKING" NEGROES

A certain class of Negroes have acquired the pernicious habit of "knocking" others of the race in a manner that breeds no good to anybody, but works untold harm to those who are honestly and earnestly engaged in matters of race progress. For instance, when an individual's name is mentioned, the "knocker" immediately commences to open up his vile mouth, pouring out all the bad things he has heard about this person or his business, giving an unfavorable "Bradstreet report" gratis. Whether what he says consists of mere rumor or fact does not concern him. He "lays it on" thick and heavy, and if the listener be a stranger he may get a very false impression of the "knocked" individual or his business. The wrong impression may be conveyed and a person seriously injured in character or business. The race must eschew the professional "knocker." When he comes round shut him up at once by

offering him a better theme for conversation than the shortcomings that are mere rumors about his fellow-citizens. The "knocking" Negro must go before the race can rise in business or self-respect. Ministers, teachers, and leaders, take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

AFRICA BY A NEGRO

The recently issued book by Alexander Priestly Camphor, from the press of Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati, entitled "Missionary Sketches and Folk-Lore," has a special interest, because it is one of the few books dealing with the Dark Continent that is written by a Negro. The author, Dr. Alexander P. Camphor, is a native of Louisiana. He and his wife were the first regularly appointed colored missionaries sent out by the Mission Board of the Methodist Church. For eleven years Dr. Camphor was president of the College of West Africa, at Monrovia. Here he had opportunity to gain first-hand knowledge of the African.

The book is written in a very sympathetic manner, and attempts to "reveal something of the African in his native habitat, and what influences the missionary is exerting upon him in his moral and spiritual awakening." The book is divided into three parts. Part I. gives the experiences of the missionary on the West Coast of Africa, both in the mission stations and among the natives in the far hinterland. Part II. deals with myths, legends and folk-lore. Here the author gives a number of interesting African stories, several of which show the forms from which the plantation

tales of this country are derived. What the author designates as parables and proverbs are good. "If a man calls you and you refuse to answer, you will be driven to reply if he persists in calling you."

Meaning: "Perseverance conquers difficulties."

"If you want to catch fish, don't shake the water."

"The hen says: We will walk after him that has something."

Part III. deals with Native Incidents and Items from social life and from religious life.

There are a number of good illustrations, showing different phases of native life. On the whole, it is an interesting book that will probably do much toward stimulating interest in Africa and the Africans.

NEEDS OF NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN

There seems to be a genuine and general awakening of New York Negroes to the need of business. Within the last year scores of modest but significant business enterprises have been started in both Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Entering nearly every field of commercial activity, many like the Harlem drug store are succeeding splendidly. Many others are leading only an indifferent existence, due chiefly to their own

faults. The Negroes as a whole of this city are responding in an encouraging measure with their patronage. They should respond more largely and more fully. But if this business movement does not increase both in scope and volume to adequate proportions, the fault is going to be very largely that of the Negro in business. There is one prime factor of present-day success in business, which seems to have escaped the average Negro in business. That is *advertisement*. The old maxim, "Competition is the life of trade," has been amended by modern industry to read, "Advertisement is the life of trade." Let all your friends and their friends know that you are in business! Advertise your goods in *live* newspapers that have a circulation. Advertise them by inescapable store signs and compelling window displays. If you have something to sell better or cheaper than your neighbor, advertise it. If you have succeeded beyond your neighbors in business, advertise it. If you have features and specialties, advertise them. If you have bargain days, advertise them. If you have the goods and always keep all the goods in stocks, advertise that fact. Make a noise that not only may be heard but must be heeded.

There are other needs which the average Negro business carries. But the chief of them in this city is the lack of advertisement.

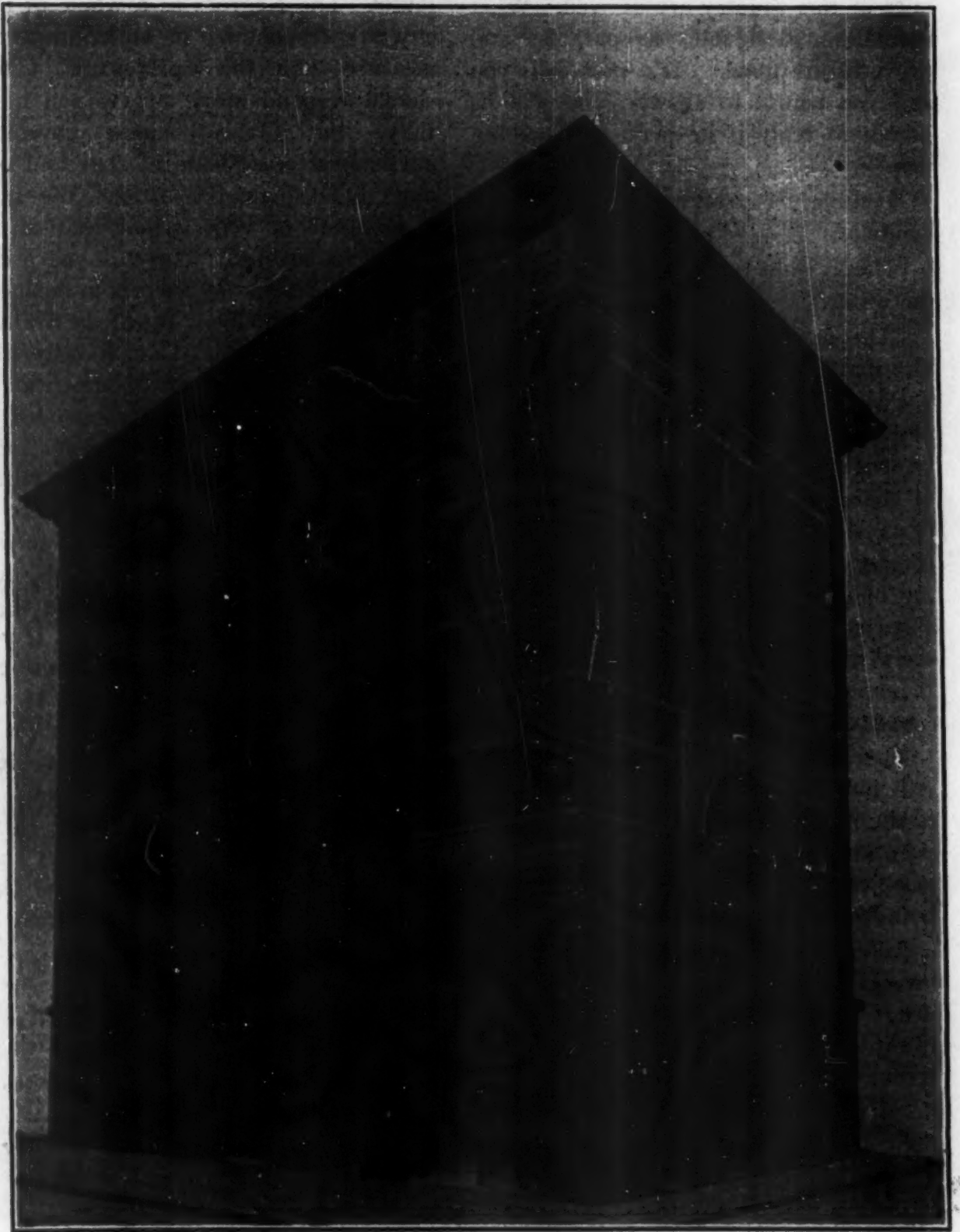
AGE

N. Y.

NE

K CITY

ADVERTISEMENTS



KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS TEMPLE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

5

ADVERTISEMENTS

Education and Personal Appearance

Are Sometimes Better Than Money! *They Are Necessary Requisites to Get Money!*
We Offer You Both For The Price Of One. Read Our Offer Below!

EDUCATION:—As an Educational Agent of the very highest class and value, we could offer you nothing better than the **COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE**. That High-Grade Illustrated Monthly contains each month the best thoughts by the greatest men and women of the Negro race, expressed in skillfully written articles, poems and prose, also biographical sketches of successful members of the race and heart-stirring editorials by competent and fearless editors.

The regular price for one year is only \$1.00, but see our **SPECIAL OFFER BELOW!**

PERSONAL APPEARANCE:—What will create a more favorable impression than a head of beautiful hair? What can add more to one's personal appearance than a healthy scalp, entirely freed from the dreaded scalp disease of Dandruff, Eczema, Itchings, Tetter and Scurf? We know that education and personal appearance will go a long way in fitting our men, women and children for better service, which means quick advancement, more and better opportunities and increased financial gain. It is for this purpose that we have arranged with one of the best Dermatologists or Scalp Doctors in this country, a man of nine years' practical experience in the Treatment of Unhealthy Conditions of the Scalp, who has customers in every State of the Union, to offer a regular course of Treatment in connection with our Magazine at a price within the reach of all.

The Treatment is guaranteed to prevent, remove and cure Dandruff, stop Itching Scalp, cure Scaly Eczema of the Scalp, remove Tetter and Scurf, stop Falling Hair and cause the Hair to grow Long, Soft and Glossy. Testimonials of cures received from all parts of the United States will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp.

The regular price of the full course of Treatment is \$1.50, but through our arrangements we are enabled to have the same sent to our readers by mail for a much less price. **SEE OUR OFFER BELOW!**

Remember that Personal Appearance and Education in this day of activities count for much and the fortunate possessor of those most important requirements is the success.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE (Regular Price) one year, \$1.00 (with one **COUPON**, entitling the holder to one **CURE Free**).

With two (2) years' subscription at \$1.90, two (2) **COUPONS**, and with three (3) years' subscription at \$2.50, three (3) **COUPONS**, entitling the holder to the **FULL COURSE SCALP and HAIR TREATMENT** (Regular Price \$1.50). The Magazine may be sent to three different addresses or sent to one address for three years. Remember one **COUPON** is given Free with each subscription. Ask your friends to send in their subscriptions with yours, so that you may get three **COUPONS** and thereby obtain the **FULL COURSE of TREATMENT Absolutely Free**.

Send money by Postoffice, Express Money Order or Registered Letter addressed to

FRED R. MOORE, PUBLISHER, 7 and 8 Chatham Square,
New York City.

Send this Coupon to **W. ALEXANDER JOHNSON, D.S.**

Specialist in the Treatment of Diseased Scalps

92 Westminster Street

Boston, Mass.

THIS COUPON will entitle the holder to one (25 cent) box of either **JOHNSON'S HAIR FOOD, JOHNSON'S DANDRUFF CURE, JOHNSON'S ECZEMA CURE, JOHNSON'S ITCH CURE or JOHNSON'S MEDICATED SOAP**, for shampooing the hair, **FREE**.

Three **COUPONS** entitles holder to one **FULL COURSE, JOHNSON'S SPECIAL HOME TREATMENT** for the Scalp and Hair (Regular price \$1.50). This Treatment is Guaranteed to cure all Diseases of the Scalp and Hair.

When sending **COUPON** state on line below what Cure is wanted.

Write your full name and address on lines below.

Name

Street

City or Town.....

State or County.....R. F. D. No.....

These **COUPONS** are sent **FREE** to subscribers of the **COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE** of **NEW YORK** and are issued **ONLY** from the office of

FRED R. MOORE, Pub., 7 and 8 Chatham Square, New York City.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Architectural Drawing and Electrical Engineering

THE TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE is now offering extended courses in both theory and practice to young men anxious to secure advanced instruction in Architectural Drawing and Electrical Engineering. Persons desiring to take advanced or elementary courses in either of the subjects will find the opportunity to obtain instruction at Tuskegee Institute, such as few institutions in the country offer. There is a growing demand for young men who fit themselves, by completing the Architectural Drawing Course, to make plans for houses, and who can do the work required in Electrical Engineering. Every effort is being made to make these courses more helpful than ever before.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal
TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALA.

MY SPECIALTY IS THE MANAGEMENT OF COLORED
TENEMENT PROPERTY

PHILIP A. PAYTON, JR., COMPANY
Real Estate and Insurance

AGENT BROKER APPRAISER

67 West 134th Street New York

Telephone { 917 Harlem
 918

In answering advertisements, please mention this Magazine.

Dr. ROBERTS'

WHITE ROSE

Tooth Powder

One of the best known preparations for Whitening and Cleaning the Teeth.

CHAS. H. ROBERTS, D.D.S.,
342 West 32nd Street NEW YORK

Let Your Money Work For You

Why accept 3 per cent. and 4 per cent. from Savings Banks, when we are paying 6 per cent. and 7 per cent. on Guaranteed Investments? Begin Now. Investments may be made on the Installment Plan. We have the best proposition on the market.

Write for particulars, address

MAXWELL

Corner 46th Street and Eighth Avenue New York

THE NEW YORK AGE

The Leading Afro-American Newspaper

\$1.50 THE YEAR

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE
AND THE AGE, \$2.00

ADDRESS THE MAGAZINE
7 & 8 CHATHAM SQ., NEW YORK

Telephone, 5294 Bookman Fifth Floor Rooms 546-7

WILFORD H. SMITH
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW

AND PROCTOR IN ADMIRALTY
150 NASSAU STREET
NEW YORK

Damage Suite a Specialty

The Independent

W. O. P. SHERMAN, D.D., EDITOR

Devoted to the Religious, Educational, Moral, Industrial, Economical, and Sociological Welfare of the Race

\$1.00 Per Year 34th and Reynolds Sts.
Box 229 SAVANNAH, GA.

WATERMAN

THE

Hatter, Clothier

and Outfitter

15 Frederick Street

PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.

Phone 8781-L Main

JOHN B. MOSELEY

REAL ESTATE and INSURANCE

Brooklyn, Flatbush and Long Island
property a specialty. Easy payments
164 Montague St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOYS AND GIRLS

WANTED TO SELL

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

IN EVERY COMMUNITY WRITE FOR TERMS

FRED. R. MOORE, Publisher

7 and 8 Chatham Square

NEW YORK CITY

In following advertisements, please mention this Magazine

Does Your Money Work for You?



HOUSE BUILT BY THE COMPANY

If not, put it to work where it will bring you an income. The small interest paid on deposits in banks is not enough when Seven Per Cent. may be had by an investment in the stock of the METROPOLITAN MERCANTILE & REALTY COMPANY. This COMPANY was founded in 1900 in New York City, and its business has developed rapidly until now it extends over a territory of twenty-two (22) states. The stock is the **SAFEST SECURITY OF ITS KIND**, offered to the small investor. The **ASSETS** of the COMPANY for the last fiscal year was \$945,932.30, which included nearly one-half million dollars in real estate. Its surplus is \$899,148.20. Its record has caused it to be regarded as

The Gibraltar of Negro Companies

The stock is now selling at its par value \$25 per share, and can be had in blocks of five shares and upward. Terms cash or instalment. Investigate it for yourself.

Shares bought or sold to order at any time. For orders will start you on the road to be your own landlord. Send for maps and particulars. Call or address the Home Office.

THE success of the work in the different States proves that we are giving the people what they want. We own over \$500,000 worth of real estate. A large Grocery Store in Plainfield, N. J.; a large Department Store in Baltimore, Md.; and will soon open in the City of New York, the largest Department Store in the world operated by Negroes. A large Insurance Department which has written over \$1,000,000 worth of insurance and a bank that is doing a successful business in Savannah, Ga., is included in the Company's vast interests. We have erected buildings from \$500 up to \$17,500. Over \$300,000 worth of our stock is in the hands of our people.

These are figures worth considering, as they show what a power for good the Company is.

We give employment to hundreds of our stockholders, as mechanics, clerks, bookkeepers, agents, managers, tellers, cashiers, messengers, stenographers and architects.

Our Capital Stock is \$1,000,000. Bond Issue \$50,000. Stock is now selling at \$25.00 per share. Par value, \$25.00. Formerly sold at \$5.00 per share. Bonds are selling for \$10.00 each.

Order New Value Stock Can be bought at \$25.00

Metropolitan Mercantile & Realty Co

HOME OFFICE
EIGHTH AVENUE and 40th STREET, New York City, N. Y.
Telephone, 8018 Bryant

BRANCHES

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH CHICAGO
ATLANTA SAVANNAH CHARLESTON BIRMINGHAM

P. SHERRIDAN BALL L. C. COLLINS JOHN H. ATKINS
President Secretary Treasurer

HOME OFFICE

ADVERTISEMENTS

The Most Important Work on The Negro That Has Been
Published in America—by The Leader of His Race :::::

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON'S THE STORY OF THE NEGRO

...CONTENTS...

First Notions of Africa
The African at Home
The West Coast
The First Slaves
The Negro and the Indian
Negro Insurrections
The Free Negroes
The Fugitive Slaves
Freedmen's Settlement in the North-
west Territory
The Negro Abolitionists
The Ku Klux and the Negro Politicians
The Colored Soldiers' Fight for Free-
dom
First Efforts to Educate the Negro
The Negro Schoolmaster
The Negro Church
The Negro Farmer
The Businessman
The Banker
Negro Communities and Negro Homes
Mound Bayou
The Future of the African

The Rise of the Race from Slavery

Dr. Washington has written this remarkable book to express the positive, triumphant record of progress of the Negro in America—the facts of which he has been gathering for many years. It is the story of the upward struggle of the race through two and one-half centuries of slavery, and during a period of more than forty years of freedom, and the results thus far of that struggle.

"If the reading of these chapters," says Dr. Washington in the Preface, "shall in any degree inspire any Negro to make himself useful and successful in the world, I shall feel that I have accomplished what I started out to do in the writing of these pages."

In Two Volumes, beautifully printed and bound, gilt top, boxed

NET PRICE, \$3.00. (Postage, 30c.)

Use This Order Blank

Doubleday, Page & Company
133 East 16th Street, New York

GENTLEMEN: I inclose \$3.30 for which send me, postage paid, 1 set (two volumes)
of **THE STORY OF THE NEGRO**, by Booker T. Washington.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

C. A. M. Nov.

ADVERTISEMENTS

BANK STOCK

A Good Investment

250 per cent. in Dividends, or \$250.00 for each \$100.00 Invested

Good, isn't it? That's what this Negro Bank has paid its Stockholders during the last seventeen years, or, an average of 14 per cent. a year, or \$14 a year on each \$100.00. Our Capital Stock has been increased to \$100,000.00. \$60,000.00 worth has been placed on the market at \$5.00 a share—within reach of the humblest. We are as glad to receive subscriptions for one share as we are for one hundred shares. The history of Bank free. Write us to-day. Your only risk is delay.

Alabama Penny Savings Bank, Birmingham, Ala.
The Center of the Mining District of the South

Phone Connection-

Hansom and Cab Service.

THOMAS L. TEN EYCK

General Express and Truckman

Office: 206 West 27th Street, New York

HENNESSY'S



Trial Package 10c.
Agents Wanted

A Great Discovery

Removes all Odor from the Feet or Body Immediately. Cures Tired Aching, Burning, Inflamed or Sweaty Feet. Perfectly Harmless. Price 25c. Box.

HENNESSY'S DE-ODOR-IZER CO.
600 9th St., Oakland, Cal.

Let us Estimate On Your

Book and Job Printing

THE MOORE PUBLISHING AND PRINTING CO
247 WEST FORTY-SIXTH STREET
NEW YORK

...THE TOGGERY...

Gents' Furnishing Goods
Hats and Caps ♪ ♪

Styles Up-to-Date

Suits Made to Order

Reasonable Prices

1724 SEVENTH STREET

H. W. JONES, Proprietor.

OAKLAND, CAL.

MORE MONEY---RACE PROGRESS

If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odor, remove grease shine from the face and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company, of New York, is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker T. Washington improves their minds. That company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these wonders hold better positions in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1) COMPLEXION WONDER CREAM will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents, postpaid.

(2) MAGNETO-METALLIC COMB, called WONDER COMB. Can be heated before using to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents and will last a lifetime.

(3) WONDER UNCURL. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncured and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a WONDER COMB, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. Fifty cents, postpaid.

(4) WONDER HAIR GROW fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. Fifty cents, postpaid.

(5) ODOR WONDER POWDER instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. Fifty cents, postpaid.

(6) ODOR WONDER LIQUID. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with ODOR WONDER POWDER the condition of the body becomes perfect. If you can spare fifty cents extra, order this luxury. Fifty cents, postpaid.

(7) WONDER FOOT POWDER keeps the feet dainty. Fifty cents, postpaid.

(8) WONDER WASH. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of scalp and hair. Fifty cents, postpaid.

(9) SHELL PINK CREAM will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. Fifty cents, postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented. We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp. Will send back on attractiveness free. We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality, and guarantee against loss. Only two dollars capital required.

Always write to M. E. BERGER & CO., 2 Rector street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

COMPLEXION WONDER. Supplied by Hearn, Simpson, Lord & Yarnall, 14th Street Store, Marin's, 321 St. & 6th Ave., Koch, Blumstein, Kinsman, 135th St. Cady & Berger, 170 Lenox Avenue; Louis Berger, 7th Avenue and 134th St. also Madison Avenue and 181st Street. Brooklyn: Abraham & Straus, Locust.

Other goods, our office.

ADVERTISEMENTS

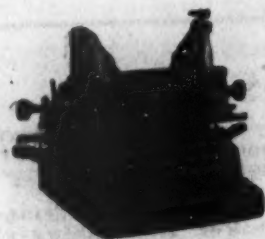
A \$100 Typewriter for 17 Cents a Day!

Please read the headline over again. Then its tremendous significance will dawn upon you.

An Oliver Typewriter—the standard visible writer—the \$100 machine—the most highly perfected typewriter on the market—yours for 17 cents a day!

The typewriter whose conquest of the commercial world is a matter of business history—yours for 17 cents a day!

The typewriter that is equipped with scores of such conveniences as "The Balance Shift"—"The Ruling Device"—"The Double Release"—"The Locomotive Base"—"The Automatic Spacer"—"The Automatic Tabulator"—"The Disappearing Indicator"—"The Adjustable Paper Fingers"—"The Scientific Condensed Keyboard"—all



**Yours For 17 Cents
a Day!**

We announced this new sales plan recently, just to feel the pulse of the people. Simply a small cash payment—then 17 cents a day. That is the plan in a nutshell.

The result has been such a deluge of applications for machines that we are simply astounded.

The demand comes from people of all classes, all ages, all occupations.

The majority of inquiries has come from people of known financial standing who were attracted by the novelty of the proposition. An impressive demonstration of the immense popularity of the Oliver Typewriter.

A startling confirmation of our belief that the Era of Universal Typewriting is at hand.

A Quarter of a Million People
are Making Money with

The **OLIVER**
Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver Typewriter is a money-maker, right from the word "go!" So easy to run that beginners soon get in the "expert" class. Earn as you learn. Let the machine pay the 17 cents a day—and all above that is yours.

Wherever you are, there's work to be done and money to be made by using the Oliver. The business world is calling for Oliver operators. There are not enough to supply the demand. Their salaries are considerably above those of many classes of workers.

"An Oliver Typewriter in Every Home!"

That is our battle cry to-day. We have made the Oliver supreme in usefulness and absolutely indispensable in business. Now comes the conquest of the home.

The simplicity and strength of the Oliver fit it for family use. It is becoming an important factor in the home training of young people. An educator as well as a money maker.

Our new selling plan puts the Oliver on the threshold of every home in America. Will you close the door of your home or office on this remarkable Oliver opportunity?

Write for further details of our easy offer and a free copy of the new Oliver catalog. Address

The Oliver Typewriter Company

310 BROADWAY

New York, N. Y.

ADVERTISE IN THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE
247 WEST 46TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

THE POET'S VISION

...AND...

The Noblest Struggle

Price 25 Cents Postpaid

AGENTS WANTED

LIBERAL TERMS

Address **R. A. GAIRY**

252 W. 53rd Street, New York City

ADVERTISEMENTS

Education and Personal Appearance

Are Sometimes Better Than Money! *They Are Necessary Requisites to Get Money!*
We Offer You Both For The Price Of One. Read Our Offer Below!

EDUCATION:—As an Educational Agent of the very highest class and value, we could offer you nothing better than the **COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE**. That High-Grade Illustrated Monthly contains each month the best thoughts by the greatest men and women of the Negro race, expressed in skillfully written articles, poems and prose, also biographical sketches of successful members of the race and heart-stirring editorials by competent and fearless editors.

The regular price for one year is only \$1.00, but see our **SPECIAL OFFER BELOW!**

PERSONAL APPEARANCE:—What will create a more favorable impression than a head of beautiful hair? What can add more to one's personal appearance than a healthy scalp, entirely freed from the dreaded scalp disease of Dandruff, Eczema, Itchings, Tetter and Scurf? We know that education and personal appearance will go a long way in fitting our men, women and children for better service, which means quick advancement, more and better opportunities and increased financial gain. It is for this purpose that we have arranged with one of the best Dermatologists or Scalp Doctors in this country, a man of nine years' practical experience in the Treatment of Unhealthy Conditions of the Scalp, who has customers in every State of the Union, to offer a regular course of Treatment in connection with our Magazine at a price within the reach of all.

The Treatment is guaranteed to prevent, remove and cure Dandruff, stop Itching Scalp, cure Scaly Eczema of the Scalp, remove Tetter and Scurf, stop Falling Hair and cause the Hair to grow Long, Soft and Glossy. Testimonials of cures received from all parts of the United States will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp.

The regular price of the full course of Treatment is \$1.50, but through our arrangements we are enabled to have the same sent to our readers by mail for a much less price. **SEE OUR OFFER BELOW!**

Remember that Personal Appearance and Education in this day of activities count for much and the fortunate possessor of those most important requirements is the success.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE (Regular Price) one year, \$1.00 (with one **COUPON**, entitling the holder to one **CURE Free**).

With two (2) years' subscription at \$1.90, two (2) **COUPONS**, and with three (3) years' subscription at \$2.50, three (3) **COUPONS**, entitling the holder to the **FULL COURSE SCALP and HAIR TREATMENT** (Regular Price \$1.50). The Magazine may be sent to three different addresses or sent to one address for three years. Remember one **COUPON** is given Free with each subscription. Ask your friends to send in their subscriptions with yours, so that you may get three **COUPONS** and thereby obtain the **FULL COURSE of TREATMENT Absolutely Free**.

Send money by Postoffice, Express Money Order or Registered Letter addressed to

FRED R. MOORE, PUBLISHER, 247 West 46th Street

New York City.

Send this Coupon to W. ALEXANDER JOHNSON, D.S.

Specialist in the Treatment of Diseased Scalps

92 Westminster Street

Boston, Mass.

THIS COUPON will entitle the holder to one (25 cent) box of either JOHNSON'S HAIR FOOD, JOHNSON'S DANDRUFF CURE, JOHNSON'S ECZEMA CURE, JOHNSON'S ITCH CURE or JOHNSON'S MEDICATED SOAP, for shampooing the hair, FREE.

Three COUPONS entitles holder to one **FULL COURSE, JOHNSON'S SPECIAL HOME TREATMENT** for the Scalp and Hair (Regular price \$1.50). This Treatment is Guaranteed to cure all Diseases of the Scalp and Hair.

When sending COUPON state on line below what Cure is wanted.

Write your full name and address on lines below.

Name

Street

City or Town.....

State or County.....R. F. D. No.....

These COUPONS are sent **FREE** to subscribers of the **COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE** of NEW YORK and are issued **ONLY** from the office of

FRED R. MOORE, Pub., 247 West 46th Street, New York City.

The Colored American Magazine

GEORGE W. HARRIS, Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE : Thanksgiving in Southland	328
THE MONTH - - - - -	329
A Sermon at Thanksgiving - - -	334
Can Africa Be Redeemed? - - -	337
Hights uv Ambishun (Poem) - - -	351
Long in Darke - - - - -	353
We Can Wait Still Longer (Poem) - -	355
Ohio and Emancipation - - - -	357
Along the Lynching Line—The Mask -	364
Social Equality and a Solution - - -	369
The Greater Birth (Poem) - - - -	375
An Undervalued Function of Literature in Negro Secondary Schools - - -	376
The Tree of Tears (Poem) - - - -	378
In the Editor's Sanctum - - - - -	379
A Tribute to Matthew Henson - - -	383



COPYRIGHT BY
UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

TRANKSGIVING IN THE SOUTHLAND.

The gold is on the pumpkin, and the gay nasturtium vine
Is aglow with yellow glory in the sunny southern clime.